THE COMMONWEAL

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THE NEGRO PROBLEM

TO SINGLE out any one of the many grave social problems that are perplexing us today by describing it as the most important of all, may easily lead us into dangerous exaggeration, yet we think it is true that the problem of the Negro has more claims to be considered in that light than any other. Moreover, it cannot be isolated from those other problems, for it is part of all the primary political, economic, racial and religious questions which in their totality make up the crisis of our civilization. Certainly, this view of the matter seems to be a necessary one for American Catholics to take—although it must be admitted that it is as yet only taken by a very small minority of Catholics. That minority, however, is active, and it is growing in numbers, and the first Catholic Interracial Mass Meeting, held in the Town Hall in New York, on Pentecost Sunday, is a welcome proof of the awakening of American Catholics to a realization of the problem which provides a sort of test, or criterion, of the principles and the practise of Catholic Action. With the approval and representation through his Vicar General, Monsignor Lavelle, of Cardinal Hayes, the Laymen's Union of New York, a group of Negro Catholic professional and business men, succeeded in bringing together representative colored and white leaders from New York, Brooklyn, Long Island and New Jersey, for the purpose of considering the gravity of the problem, and of taking steps, through the strengthening of interracial Catholic cooperation, to deal with it.

Coincidentally with the launching of the Interracial Conference, which it is hoped will be established rapidly and permanently in other cities, a movement has been launched by the Brooklyn Catholic Action Council in the form of a "student-to-student" appeal sent to all the Catholic colleges, 162 in number, "challenging the Catholic college men and women of the United States to become articulate in the cause of justice for the Negro." The circular sent to these colleges took the form of a joint report of the interracial committee of the Brooklyn Catholic Action Council and a committee of Catholic college graduates and undergraduates. Basing their report upon the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, these young crusaders drew up a thesis which to Cath-

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olics, at least, is indisputable, namely, that in their natural rights, in their human dignity, and in their last end, men of all races are equal in their individual and social nature.

"It is our conviction," the report says, "that the American prejudice against the Negro—sterile as it is of hope and charity; becoming as it does a practical denial of his natural rights; impugning as it must (at least, in so far as the Catholic Negro is concerned) his fellowship with the white Catholic in the Mystical Body—is a most evident target at which the force of Catholic Action may be directed." The report proceeds to quote the resolutions adopted a year ago by the Catholic Action Forum of the College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York, in which the students pledged themselves "to maintain that the Negro as a human being and as a citizen is entitled to the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and to the essential opportunities of life and the full measure of social justice." The report asked the student bodies of all the Catholic colleges, through their class presidents, and with the permission of their Reverend Deans, "to duplicate, at least in spirit, the resolutions adopted at Manhattanville, and especially to give them wide publicity both in the Catholic and in the secular and Negro press."

That American white Catholics have lamentably neglected—or perhaps it would be truer to say, have not even seen—their duties toward the Negro, is a fact so notorious that now it stands as the chief stumbling block in the path of the small minority of white Catholics who not only see but recognize and seek to perform those duties. As a body, white Catholics have been callous and cold and indifferent. It is not only that we have disregarded the Negro's own claims, on merely natural grounds—the grounds of their status as human beings—to be relieved from their present position as an ostracized and exploited minority, suffering grievous wrongs inflicted by the dominant majority; worse than that, we have disregarded the teachings of our own Church which tells us that beyond any doubt the Negro is entitled to our love and our justice because supernaturally he is, as much as the white man, the son of God, and our brother. Father John M. Cooper's article in the current number of the *Ecclesiastical Review* is sad but salutary reading in regard to Catholic neglect of Catholic teaching on this matter.

Fortunately, there is, of course, another side of the story. We have had and still have a group, happily increasing both in numbers and influence, of ecclesiastical leaders and laymen and lay women, who not only have heard the word of the Church but have done, and continue to do, its bidding. Conversions to the Church among Negroes are increasing. Colored priests are being ordained. Educational institutions are being promoted. And such movements as the Interracial Conference, and the Laymen's Union, and conspicuously the work of the National Catholic Interracial Federation, with its excellent official organ, the *Interracial Review,* now hold forth the promise at least of a real awakening on the part of white Catholics to the problem which confronts them.

What seems especially to be needed now is a frank and realistic cooperation among the leaders, both white and colored, of their movements. White Catholics cannot do their part of the joint work necessary in a spirit of racial condescension. There should be no narrowing down of the true spirit of charity into that of mere almsgiving, or the bestowal of lofty but abstract advice. There should, on the contrary, be a fraternal sharing of common responsibilities and common burdens and duties. We must do our full part to obtain that economic fair treatment of the Negro, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, which at present is denied to him, before we can expect him to believe that we are truly concerned to help him. By the way in which we apply Catholic principles in this particular problem, shall we be judged, and not unfairly, in all our efforts to deal with the multiform problems of our social crisis.

WEEK BY WEEK

Trend of Events

AS SUMMER approaches, the state of mind generally prevalent in the world of business and financial activity may be termed anxious disappointment. The vast reserves of cash which have accumulated in banks are not moving out with anything like the speed hoped for. Inevitably the bills for regulating the issuance of securities and the doings of the stock exchange have come in for very considerable criticism, limited now to no small group but pretty general wherever industry or commerce dominates. There is, of course, no mistaking the President's standpoint. He argued long ago that "prosperity" must be sound and stable, not based on treacherous sands of "wild speculation." Consequently the flame of inflation, potentially ready to break into a conflagration at almost any moment, is being relentlessly curbed by government fiat. So far so good. While the "no speculation" theory is in vogue, the currency will not run away from its moorings. But the question immediately presents itself, why create vast sums of money by deflating the dollar and filling up the reservoirs of credit if one does not wish to use the resultant power? Why build a super-powered car at great expense if one is going to ride only in a horse-drawn buggy? Many who ask these questions believe that the present difficulty is chiefly one of effecting a compromise. That is, they want some of the inflationary measures abrogated and some

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of the regulation eased. But the issue itself is important and, unless something effective is done, will have far-reaching political consequences. The New Deal can stand a lot of criticism and abuse; it will die of inaction, if inaction should be permitted much longer.

Agree to Disagree

PROBABLY nothing quite like the Darrow Report, details of which are given elsewhere in this issue, has come to light in the tangled history of American social relations. Some two months ago, President Roosevelt appointed the National Recovery Review Board, Clarence Darrow chairman, to weigh complaints by "little men" about the operation of NRA codes. A perilously short time was allotted, during which 146 witnesses presented 2,753 pages of testimony. On the basis of this chaotically assembled and poorly digested material the Board wrote not one report merely but three—a record achievement for six men. The majority report is a hodge-podge of rumor and conclusion, the only valuable things about it being (a) some interesting signs that the codes, several of which undoubtedly tried to do too much, have imperiled a number of small businesses, and (b) a plea for the restoration and enforcement of anti-trust laws. A supplemental report, signed by Messrs. Darrow and Thompson, is not a fact-finding or fact-estimating document at all, but an essay on the advantages of the socialistic state. Still a third report, signed by John F. Sinclair, dissenting member, is primarily a description of the limitations under which the Board operated and of the reasons why no pertinent conclusions were reached. All in all, these papers could have been prepared by a college debating society. Why, then, was the Board organized in the first place? If the problem of the small business man is important—as it indubitably is—the effort to solve it should be given a decent chance. Nevertheless what has happened possesses a certain by-product value. Who can doubt that good, old-fashioned democracy still lives in the United States?

Hunting the Desperado

ON MAY 18 six important measures were signed equipping the Department of Justice to wage an efficient battle against interstate crime. Few older Americans would have realized that the day was bound to come when the kidnaper, the hoodlum, the robber and the maniac would become so powerful that state police power could no longer suppress them. Indeed, noticing the growing reliance upon federal agents, one is reminded of Mussolini's long battle with Sicilian outlaws—a fight which probably more than any other thing convinced people that Fascism had it good points. The reasons why crime is running rampant here are, of course, in part technical. Fast automobiles, murderous weapons like the sub-machine-gun, interlocking underworld directorates built up during the era of prohibition, all these enable the gangster to jump from state to state like a locust. We trust that the Department of Justice will receive all the authority and instruments deemed necessary. And like each and every honest citizen, we hope for improvement. Nevertheless the problem runs pretty deep. Without referring here to the moral safeguards against crime, one may note that respect for law demands as much "confidence" as business recovery itself. When the nation realizes that authorities mean what they say on the topic of evil-doing, the achievement of a decent safety will no longer remain purely theoretical.

The Most Vital Statistics

THE IMPORTANT subject of controlling deaths in childbirth, which was some time ago reported on extensively by the New York Medical Association, has since been studied over a much wider area of the country by physicians working under the auspices of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor. Advance reports show their findings to be somewhat at variance with those of the New York district, at least in the distribution of emphasis on the different causes of maternity mortality; but both sets of investigators agree that the mortality figures are too high, that a large proportion of the causes are controllable, and hence that the corresponding deaths are preventable. Over seven thousand maternal deaths enter this present study, representing the statistics in fifteen states for about two years; hence the conclusions may be taken as fairly typical for the kind of territory covered. A grave fact that emerges is the large number of deaths in the period of early pregnancy. About a quarter of all the cases come in this division, most of them representing some kind of sepsis; and of these, fully half—a shockingly high proportion—were due to attempted abortion. The lack of prenatal care was also stressed as a strong contributing factor to mortality, and one which, it is to be supposed, was abnormally in evidence in the period studied, when the depression has aggravated every problem of poverty. About half the mothers whose deaths are recorded in the study were not properly examined at any time, and hence received no treatment for the preventable complications of the prenatal state. Surely nothing that has happened, except the revelation of the widespread undernourishment of children, is calculated to make us feel poorer as a community than a report like this. It ends by urging what must be regarded as the minimum necessity in the field: public education in the need of prenatal care and the danger of abortion, improvement in all the present facili-

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ties for obstetrical training and treatment, community responsibility for mothers otherwise uncared for.

Broken Families

MEASURES which can be of vital importance to individuals caught in the red tape of law and their tenderest, most intimate human relations mutilated, are provided for in bills drafted and sponsored by the Department of Labor and now pending in Congress. These measures would humanize the immigration laws with regard to the forced separation of alien families. The National Catholic Welfare Conference has been urging their adoption since 1927. An official statement by the Conference at that time declared, "This problem of the reunion of families is one of great moral import and one in which all Americans are deeply interested. A measure which would effect a solution of this moral problem—the reestablishment of the family—could be readily enacted without violating or weakening the general policy of restrictive immigration, the number involved being comparatively small." The new measures would allow the Secretary of Labor greater freedom from mandatory provisions for the deportation of aliens whose only offenses, in most cases, are technical violations of immigration laws. Often these aliens have married Americans and have American-born children. Existing provisions ruthlessly tear them away from their families and frequently leave the stranded remnant who are American citizens to become charges on public charity. Additional features of the new measures would place in the non-quota class certain classifications of mothers, fathers and stepchildren of aliens who have qualified for American citizenship. It is almost superfluous for us to add here that we believe these measures should recommend themselves to those who have it in their power to put them into effect as, at the least, human and decently considerate.

Solomon in All His Glory

THESE are the days when tulips fade. But though the passing of their splendor is a reminder, vivid and proudly conscious, of mortality, it is also the garden's herald of greater loveliness to come. Now, one after another, the aristocrats will march in procession—iris and delphinium, rose and dahlia, gladiolus and lily. Who will ever manage to become genuinely intimate with any one of them? We have known old gardeners, with life-times of devotion to their credit, still groping hungrily toward the mystery of the rose. The secret of flowers is a heavily guarded one. Poets have sought in vain the confidences of the "meanest flower that grows." A good nine hundred years ago, Saint Hildegard of Bingen let the garden tease her out of thought. Nor will anyone know America who fails to realize how much, year in and year out, of human care and labor are bestowed, with no thought of gain apart from beauty and meditation, upon the myriad blooms which milenniums of thought have coaxed out of wild flowers and weeds. From the rock-bound coasts of Maine to the blue haze of the Pacific (to make a loan of a favorite oratorical splurge) Uncle Sam leans upon a hoe. It is no easy task, this. Nature fights us for every victory, flinging a barrage of intolerable winters, droughts, dust-storms, insect clouds, worms thicker than grape-shot on a Napoleonic battle-field, against our efforts. Yet the gardener is nothing daunted. When one rare rose greets him, he meets that which human speech has recognized as the final form of praise.

Gregorian Music in America

POPE PIUS X, the Pope of Children, who urged that they should sing at holy Mass because by their singing they adored God beautifully and joyously and in one of the most completely integrating expressions of their whole selves toward God, and the Pope who by his "Motu Proprio," in 1903, gave great impetus to the spread of the plain chant and a rationalizing of the use of music in the liturgy of the Church, was honored in the observance of his paternal teachings recently in Washington. Under the auspices of the Society of St. Gregory of America, choirmasters, organists, teachers of music, both clergy and laity, Sisters, monks and members of the hierarchy attended a three-day convention at the Catholic University. A solemn pontifical Mass in the crypt of the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, at which His Excellency the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate, presided and the Most Reverend Bishop James H. Ryan, Rector of the University, was the celebrant, opened the convention, and was followed by the reading of papers and the observance in fact of the possibilities prescribed by the "Motu Proprio" through various demonstrations. One of the most remarkable of these was in sight reading given by 100 children comprising pupils from the first to the sixth grades, directed by Sister M. Agnesine of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. The faculty of very young children for taking to such musical exercises like the proverbial young ducks to water was particularly stressed. The extension of the society's orderly development of the observance of the "Motu Proprio" to every diocese in the country and every Catholic educational institution, and the establishment of competent diocesan music commissions for the supervision of music for church services, were among the broader outlines of the aims which the society adopted in the furtherance of its work.

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WAGES

By GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

Wages are, says Mr. Hirschfeld, one of the chief causes of trouble in the economic world. As a result of developments in recent years, business no longer regards pay-envelopes in the light of the law of supply and demand. Wages do not fall as rapidly as business declines, and are as a matter of fact paid in part out of reserves accumulated in times of prosperity. Making the accumulation of such reserves compulsory is, perhaps, one of the chief remedies against the recurrence of calamitous depressions.—The Editors.

WHEN it comes to making out a list of the factors responsible for the largest amount of trouble in our economic world, I believe, wages should be given a place pretty close to the top if not, indeed, first honors. They have caused more difficulties and maladjustments, dissatisfaction and disappointment, than even politics; and where the latter could once in a while explode in a conflict of force, a war, a revolution, the struggle of wages simply goes on.

In the diversity of its character, the problem of wages rivals the complexity of tariffs. There, the "free-traders," try as they might, cannot bring themselves to see the point of the "protectionists." Conversely, those who pay wages have a viewpoint fundamentally different from that of those who are on the receiving end. The manufacturer is in business to make a profit out of whatever he makes. To produce anything at all, he needs labor, just as he needs raw materials, machines and distribution; for all of which he pays a certain price dependent upon the saleability of his product. So why argue about wages, as they are a matter of secondary consideration, the cost and value of labor depending upon the competitive price of the final product? The employers will maintain that there is no arbitrary attitude toward wages on their part; that they are simply forced to shift wages in accordance with price changes and that, if wages are treated as an individual factor, prices will suffer. As I am writing, the automobile industry raised wages; and it was not long before they raised prices, too. The same is likely to happen in other industries as wages go up—because to the employer wages, in nature and character, are part of the cost of production and, therefore, subject to the possibilities of making a profit.

The viewpoint of the wage earner is as old as it is well-known, and shall just be summarized to round out the picture. The saleability of any product depends very largely upon the income of the wage earner. In fact, production as such is no primary consideration; it has little or no value unless it is developed upon the background of consumption, of buying power. If you ask, "Who was there first?" you have to answer, "First was the need, then came the supply." Why then argue about the "primacy of production," if it is only secondary to consumption? Wages, far from being dependent upon the saleability of the product, must even be considered responsible to a good extent for making or breaking a market, because they form the backbone of the nation's buying power.

This is the economic pro and con, leaving out of consideration the human side of labor and wages. To decide who is right and who is wrong, is beyond the scope of this discussion. Besides, as there is nothing definite or absolute about wages, it depends upon the side from which you look at it. Wages, of course, are a part of the national economy. But just which part is decided in different ways in this country and in Italy, Germany, Japan. Here, it is still capital versus labor. Over in those countries, the government has superseded both of them and has said in effect, "Forget your theories for a while and join us for a common aim." Wages have been lowered in all three countries, and for the same reason: to make goods cheaper for export. The saleability of the product on the world market has once more been the deciding factor in lowering wages. The viewpoint of the "primacy of production" has gained the upper hand in those countries.

In contrast, it is worth while to note that the New Deal in the United States has tended to emphasize the "primacy of consumption and buying power" in its dealings with the wage problem. In February, factory payrolls went up 12 percent, the largest advance for one month in fifteen years. In March, industry added $13,000,000 to the weekly payroll. Virtually the entire steel industry announced a 10 percent wage increase; so did the electrical and automobile industries, as well as other branches, mines and thousands of individual units, benefiting millions of workers.

These increases were not granted for the reason that the price obtained for the product justified the raise. Far from it: prices are nothing to write the stockholders about; sales, while showing improvement, are not definite in their trend; the possibilities of the future are a matter of opinion; the blue-eagle eye of the national symbol has yet to detect that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points. Briefly, the employers—if they had been left alone—hardly would have started this nation-wide wage increase. Obviously, the credit for the rising tide of wages

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goes to the President. Quite as obviously, it is a forced move.

And this is the dynamite in the present situation: that higher wages are forced by way of authority. It is like taking wages out of the economic realm and transplanting them into the hotbed of dictatorial government. This can be done and has been done under the Hitlers and Mussolinis, and most recklessly in Japan; but it means a grave political experiment when a country is involved which by philosophy, tradition and structure is a business economy. Wages do have their part in the national economy.

How have wages behaved during the depression? For every $100 of earnings in 1928, the factory worker earned in 1933 but $67, a decline of 33 percent. However, considering the changed purchasing power of the dollar, his earnings dropped from $100 to $87 only, a decline of 13 percent. The decline was much larger in wholesale prices paid to the producer, namely, in raw materials 40 percent, in semi-manufactured articles 30, in finished products 25, and in all other commodities over 20 percent.

If this comparison between wages and prices is true, then, in the end, business must have paid out for wages more than the yield of business would justify—because wages dropped less than the prices which the employers received. In other words, business must have taken a loss for the sake of keeping up wages—which sounds unbelievably altruistic. Yet, it is true: in 1929 business saved for itself nearly $2,000,000,000 after paying wages, dividends, interest, rent, royalties and profit. But in 1930 it took a loss of $5,000,000,000 to keep up the payments; in 1931 the loss grew to over $8,000,000,000; in 1932 to more than $10,000,000,000. In these four years, the share of labor income was 65.2, 64.5, 64.8 and 64.5 percent of total payments.

While capital will tell all and sundry that it cannot deviate from the principle of labor as part of the cost of production, the above statistics disprove the point. Where the enterpreneur took losses right and left, the share of labor was remarkably steady. Apparently, he did not treat wages from the point of saleability and profitability of the finished product only. Apparently, he did not treat labor as "cost" pure and simple. He had no idea of throwing out labor or slashing wages as sales and prices went down the steep hill of the depression years; at least not in proportion to his losses.

In fact, the employer cannot treat labor as a merchandise. Labor turnover is an expensive proposition; so are strikes and labor disputes. To interrupt the every-day routine of highly organized production by arbitrary changes in the factory crew is a thing which every up-to-date manager tries to avoid, if he can help it.

While it is true that the employer went to the length of making a sacrifice in order to keep up wages during the depression, it is likewise true that in the years of comparative affluence he accumulated a large reserve which alone enabled him to make the subsequent sacrifices. To go a step further, since the manufacturers fill their reserve funds in prosperous years anyhow only to pour them out when the economic storm-clouds gather, since wages lag behind in prosperity only to be way ahead when everything else drops, why cannot the government elaborate on this process by making it compulsory? Why should not a law be enacted providing for a legal reserve? Why should it not be possible, as it is being done to a large extent already?

There are still ways of lowering the cost of production without touching wages; for instance, the interest charge. In cold figures, between 1929 and 1932 wages dropped about 40 percent, dividends more than 56, but interest payments only a little over 3 percent. This, surely, is a calamity, if not a disgrace. Where management took a cut in these four years of $7,000,000,000, labor of $21,000,000,000, and the coupon-clippers of $3,000,000,000, the bankers got away with a cut of less than $200,000,000.

There is little doubt but that the cost of "money" is much too high. This was the case five and six years ago when many firms were overcapitalized; it is even more obvious today when the big profits are lacking to take care of the waste of capitalization. Here, then, is the government's chance to exert a definite, if indirect, influence upon wages, bringing down the cost of production by reducing the excessive charge on capital. The benefit to labor would be obvious in view of the large share of labor cost in the total cost of production. It averages about 20 percent in all industrial branches.

It does not seem possible to eliminate the age-old view of wages as part of the cost of production, in spite of the fact that (as shown above) the trend of wages during the depression has been quite different from the trend of prices. Clearly, there is nothing absolute in the employer's viewpoint of wages. Nor is the claim of labor interests, that only increased buying power can lead to higher sales, above dispute. What they do *not* say is that only up to a certain limit do wages represent buying power. Beyond that limit, they stand for investment, that is production, which happens to be the opposite to consumption. A workingman who makes $1,500 a year has little choice but investing the full amount in food and shelter and clothing. Not so with a foreman who makes $3,000 a year; and some of them used to make $5,000. They invest a large, or even the larger, part because they want a return, they want to make money with money—a custom which has

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been known to have been practised thousands of years ago.

To summarize: the government stands little chance to solve the puzzle of capital versus labor. But the government can do a number of things to help both. It can insist that the entrepreneurs put aside an adequate reserve when they can afford it—so as to protect labor when it needs it. It is being done now, and there would be nothing new, let alone revolutionary or radical about it.

The government can propose legislation which establishes a definite rate of interest, thus cutting short what amounts to a privileged position of bankers and financiers.

The government can go further and insist that wages shall not be reduced below a definite percentage of the cost of any given product, just as it now insists that no wage earner or salaried person be paid less than $15 a week.

What the government cannot do, however, is to insist that industry must pay higher wages. For it cannot in justice to the manufacturing interests overlook their position. As long as man is employed to produce goods, and as long as we do not have an agreement that everybody shall share in every other's work, the employer has no choice but to figure man's labor as part of the production—which it is. What would the government say if the people demanded increased expenditure without appropriating the funds? The government would have to shrug its collective shoulders and say, "Where shall we take it from?" And the people would say, "We don't care!"

So with wages. If the government were in a position to guarantee the saleability of the nation's production, or the profitability of its output, the situation would be different. But there is no sign of this. Let therefore the government see the position of those who pay the wages and admit that a rose shrub is an ungainly thing until planted in rich garden soil. Nor are wages a secure thing unless produced by a powerful economic organism.

MUSIC AND PRAYER[1]

By DOM GAJARD

GREGORIAN chant is wholly the servant of prayer; it was conceived as prayer, it has no other object than prayer, the intimate communion of the soul with God. It is from this angle that it must be regarded, otherwise it will not be understood.

It has nothing to do with "snobbishness," any more than with the cult of the archaic or the fanciful. This is perhaps why those who approach it from a profane point of view, merely as musicians, amateurs or esthetic sensation-seekers, do not understand it, and misrepresent it. In trying to make it say what by its very nature it cannot say, they end unconsciously by making a travesty of it, preventing it from appearing that which it is. Gregorian chant is fundamentally, radically religious, an act of religion, of religious worship.

It is primarily the sung prayer of the Church. I say *the* prayer, and not *a* prayer however beautiful; nor do I say that it is an ornament, an embellishment of prayer, something secondary and incidental, but the true, authentic, complete formula of the prayer of the Church. Nor is it private prayer; it is not intended, as is too often thought, for a special privileged class of people; it is not even the exclusive monopoly of monks; it is, to put it plainly, the prayer of the Church as such, the "Perfect Man" which the Church is—the Body of Christ, and its fullness, under the action of the Holy Spirit. We must not forget that the Church is a corporate body, that it was redeemed as "One" and that it is corporately as "One" that it comes to God.

To explain further. God, in a plan the simplicity and depth of which we cannot fathom—poor complicated beings that we are—wished that the same processes of redemption and sanctification of souls, should be those of His glorification; in other words, it is in the same actions that we praise God, and sanctify ourselves: the Cross, the Mass, the whole Liturgy.

The Church is a mother. She has the sure instincts of a mother. She knows what suits the temperament of her children best. It has often been observed that the heretical sects have, so to speak, divided, mutilated man, not understanding his nature, seeing either only his body or only his soul. The Church, on the other hand, knows that we are composed of two elements, intimately united one to the other, necessary one to the other. She knows that there is nothing in the intellect that has not passed first by way of the senses, but she knows also that nothing must stay in the senses, that the senses must be subordinated to the mind. It is only on condition that man respects this necessary hierarchy that he is truly man and fit for the Kingdom of God.

This is the explanation of all the sacraments, all the sacramentals, all the Liturgy, and of the Gregorian chant. It is a side of the Gregorian art not usually understood, and none the less essential, which throws an immense light on it.

[1] From *Nova et Vetera*, July-September, 1931, Fribourg, Switzerland.

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Indeed it cannot be comprehended except as seen in this supernatural light. It belongs wholly to the Church, marked with the stamp of her supernatural and material genius. Dom Mocquereau says ("L'art grégorien, son but, ses procédés, son caractère"):

> It appeals to the higher regions of the soul; its beauty, its nobility, come from the fact that it borrows nothing, or the least possible, from the world of the senses; it passes through them, it is not to them that it appeals. . . . The Gregorian cantilena is always sane, pure, serene, without any action on the nerves; it uses nothing of the lower world that it does not uplift.

That is why it brings peace, true, profound peace, the joyous expansion of the soul in the harmonious adjustment of all the faculties. And therein lies, as has been truly said, "the supreme sign, proof of its vocation, and of its divine essence" (Camille Bellaigue, "Le chant grégorien, à l'Abbaye de Solesmes").

Gregorian art is closely allied with Greco-Latin art; its origin goes back undoubtedly to the earliest classic times, but between it and the music which preceded it there are only resemblances which do not presuppose an identity. It is religious inspiration which has formed, molded and modeled our cantilenas, even to their musical technique, and created their melody and rhythm.

Gregorian melody is first of all diatonic; that is to say, it contains no chromatic progressions. It excludes also the leading-note, so dear to our modern ears. The Gregorian scale does not admit the leading-note on principle, it allows only the whole-tone interval before the tonic, except on rare occasions in the mode of *Fa,* and it loves this whole-tone progression in final cadences. Why? "Propter subjectam semi-tonii imperfectionem," says an ancient authority: because of the imperfection of the semi-tone; or, again, "Quia semi-tonii imperfectio non patitur fieri descensum competentem": because the imperfection of the semi-tone does not allow a sufficiently wide descending interval. Notice the expression, "the imperfection of the semi-tone." Our forefathers did not love incomplete things, they only accepted perfect beauty. The antique severity gives to the melody a purity of line, a grandeur, strength and nobility, as well as an incomparable richness. This simple detail shows us already the value of Gregorian art. The chromatic scale is preeminent in portraying the passions, the intense emotions which trouble the human heart. But what the Gregorian music especially aims at expressing is not human emotions, but the love of God and His peace, which comes from that love. Gregorian melody is always natural, simple, I might say, humble.

Is it necessary to mention the very different character and expression which each mode gives to the piece in which it is written? The feeling of the melody, the reaction which it produces on our esthetic emotions, varies according to the construction of each mode; each has its color, physiognomy, its *ethos,* its own action.

The mode of *Re* (related to our modern B minor scale, but without the leading-note) is a quiet mode, reserved, serious, often graceful, but always calm and recollected; it ends normally on its tonic, well-prepared and well-introduced; it is reposeful and firmly planted on its base. It is the mode of peace, it expresses peace and gives it. (Int. "Da pacem.") It is to me the mode preeminently of contemplation, monastic. (Kyrie XI or X; Ant. "Ave Maria," "Ave Maris Stella.")

The mode of *Mi* differs perhaps the most from our modern tonality; it is the one that gives the most trouble in harmonization. In contrast to the mode of *Re,* which rests on the tonic, this does not rest at all, it has no conclusion; it floats as if hung between heaven and earth; it is the mode "that does not finish"—ecstatic, eternal, wonderfully tender and heavenly. When it ceases, one feels that one's gaze into heaven continues, one's whole being is lost in God. (Cf. Ant. "Secus decursus aquarum"; Hymn. "Urbs Jerusalem"; Alleluia, Third Sunday after Easter.) In its high notes, it is pure, light, graceful, ravishing, without losing any of the qualities I have just described. ("Caecilia famula tua.")

I will say nothing of the *Fa* mode, which is very like our modern F-major scale. Finally, the mode of *Sol.* This mode avoids entirely "the imperfection of the half-tone." It is the mode of broad sonorities, of wide-extended intervals, the "super-major" mode as Bourgault-Ducoudray calls it. It is clear and warm and vibrant, the mode of joyous flights, of bursts of enthusiasm and triumph, the mode of "Lauda Sion": in its deeper notes it is the mode of certainty, of solemn affirmation, of a joy perfect and sure of itself; in short, the mode of fulfilment. ("Omnes sancti quanta passi sunt tormenta — Suscepimus Deus — Tamquam sponsus." Hymn. "Veni Creator.")

It is to be expected that in an art of unison rhythm plays an essential part. It is rhythm that gives it all its life, its warmth, its *raison d'être.* No doubt in a polyphonic work harmony is of the first importance in giving it that unity which is absolutely necessary to its beauty or to its very being. But in unison it is rhythm that assumes this synthetic function and that is the means of producing unity. As is the rhythm, so is the work of art.

Gregorian art is essentially free. The finest cadences are soft like the Latin terminations themselves on which they are based. What flexibility the rhythm gains by this simple all-important fact! Instead of a series of heavy beats, nothing but a beautiful undulating line, whose supple continuity is broken by no outside element,

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> an organism alive and therefore elastic, which does not reveal all its finer points to the ear alone. The spiritual must enter into it, it is a subjective organism, the structure of which only the spirit can comprehend (M. Maurice Emmanuel).

I will not speak of the Latin accents, which, rendered as they should be rendered, that is, as *simple shadings of a very soft intensity*, "luminous points which appear on the crests of the phrases," add tremendously to the freedom, the elasticity, the ethereal qualities of the rhythm. Dom Mocquereau says:

> It is not at all necessary to emphasize these accents; quite the contrary. They shine over and irradiate the entire phrase; it is they and their changing reflections above the rhythmic flow that carry it along and give it color and life.

What suppleness all these qualities I have mentioned give to the Gregorian rhythm! "A flexible vine," as one might describe it. There is nothing stiff about it, nothing which suggests the mechanical, nothing but the "rhythm," that is to say, a simple, undulating line, extremely delicate, light and airy, which adapts itself to all the demands of the melody and which the Latin text assists in bringing out into clear relief.

A fluid chant, etherial, immaterial, spiritual; all material elements eliminated, nothing either in the melody or in the rhythm to impede the free expression of the musical phrase. It is a marvelously supple instrument, and lends itself in an ideal fashion to the most intimate and delicate feelings of the heart and soul.

Imagine now this wonderfully supple lyre, vibrating under divine inspiration, for, as Saint Paul says, "It is the Spirit that prays in the Church, with groaning, which cannot be uttered," and that was certainly the belief of the Middle Ages: "Spiritu Sanctu rimante in cordibis eorum per contemplationem perceperunt" as a text of the "Instituta Patrum" says—so you will not be surprised that our Church melodies are all drenched and saturated with the supernatural.

In fact, taken as a whole, they express the whole of Christianity, they are so full of faith, hope, humility, perfect confidence and total surrender to God.

Peace, gentleness, suavity, these are the words which always recur when one speaks of Gregorian music; above all, love. If there is one thing that stands out in studying the traditional Gregorian melodies, it is that they are simply bathed in tenderness. Whatever may be the feeling they are expressing, the atmosphere is always that of love. If one wishes to describe Gregorian chant in one word, it would be, I think, charity. It is truly the whole spirit of the Church, which is in our melodies: *plenitudo legis delectio*. One might say of them as is said of the frescoes of Fra Angelico, that they were composed on bended knees.

Yes, you will say perhaps, it is beautiful music, almost divine, but out of date, belonging to another age, far removed from the needs of the modern soul.

Do you think that Christianity has changed much? Two thousand years ago Jesus Christ gave us the New Testament. There is only one baptism, one Church, one supernatural life, of which the authentic medium is and always will be, the sacraments and the great prayer of the Church, the Catholic Liturgy centering around the Mass.

But, not speaking of the supernatural life, but merely of the natural order, it does not seem as if the modern man differs much in his nature from the man of former times. He has created external and artificial needs, but at heart, in his very being, man is eternally the same, the range of his faculties is always identical; today as formerly, man is only truly man when he holds within his soul absolute control over his lower appetites. And for this reason, the methods of the Church for making saints are excellent for making men, for it is one of the glories of the Christian revelation that there is not a saint who has not been, in addition, a complete "man."

Westphal has admirably defined the spirit of Greek music:

> Antiquity never attempted to express in sound the real life of the soul. This turbulent movement into which modern music forces our imagination, this representation of struggle, this picture of conflicting forces which distracts our being, all this was absolutely foreign to the Hellenic spirit. The soul must be uplifted into a sphere of ideal contemplation, that was the aim of music. Instead of unrolling before us the spectacle of its own battles, music should lead the soul upward to those heights where it would find calm, be at peace with itself and with the external world, where it would rise to the greatest power of action.

M. Camille Bellaigue, from whom I borrow the quotation, adds:

> That was the spirit, the purest spirit of the antique music. Its mission and ideal was far less to excite than to give order and rhythm to souls.

It could not be better expressed. If I add that this perfect and tranquil harmony of the whole being is a marvelous principle of action, an indispensable condition of the highest activity of the soul, and if Gregorian music, thanks to the laws of its composition and its supernatural inspiration, expresses to a degree previously unknown the ideal conceived and portrayed by the Hellenic genius, you will perhaps agree with me that the Catholic Church, in prescribing for all its children this way of prayer, is not only the authentic means of sanctification, but also an incomparable school of art, of moral education and of civilization.

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THE CRITICISM OF HERBERT READ

By J. CRAIG LADRIÈRE

THERE are very few men whose taste is wholly original. In the general management of life, in matters of houses and gardens and clothes and manners, even independent spirits refer, perhaps unconsciously, to some authority. A man who needed authority for every choice would of course be a kind of refined brute; but then, one who disdained authority completely would be a brute without refinement. My concern is not with brutes but with men, whose ordinary province is the middle ground between authority and caprice.

In literary taste the caprice of most men is pretty wayward. Still, I had rather trust it than the authority to which most men refer. The prevalence of bad taste today is appalling, but the most appalling thing about it is that it is chiefly due not to private error but to a general following of the wrong leaders. Private error in literary judgment threatens only a few, because only a few can dare to adventure private judgments of literature; but there is less security in forming one's taste on a ready model than most people comfortably imagine.

How can we tell a good critic from a bad? First of all, I think, by his capacity to make us better readers. The good critic is in fact simply a very good reader talking about his reading. The distinguishing quality of a good critic's mind will be the sharpest possible awareness, and the chief power of his criticism will be its power of sharpening our awareness. The first test of a critic is to take down, when you have read him, the work he has criticized: if your reading of the work is more sensitive, more intelligent, his criticism was good. For intelligence and sensibility, and a capacity to communicate them, with honesty, are the virtues we ought above all to demand in a critic.

They rarely are bestowed together in any intensity; this unusual endowment is what makes the artist. The critic, in so far as he is a good critic, is an artist, and his general equipment is the same as the general equipment of all artists.

This equipment the English critic Herbert Read possesses. Whoever reads "The Sense of Glory" (1930), a collection of his best essays, knows what a good critic is. But Mr. Read is not a great critic, oddly because he lets his honesty, which is only an accessory critical virtue, dominate his really acute intelligence and sensibility.

The title of his first volume of critical essays was ominous of the direction which his work has taken: "Reason and Romanticism" (1926). This book is a collection of contributions to periodicals; but it can claim a constant unity, the principle of which is implicit in its title. What Mr. Read was obviously trying to do in this book was to apply reason to a subject-matter which appeared to him to be in part rational, in large part irrational. He describes the book quite perfectly in the opening sentence of one of the essays it includes: it is an "attempt to raise literary criticism above the vague level of emotional appreciation through the incorporation of scientific elements." There is a great deal of fine intelligence and keen sense, and there is much honesty, in the book. But in achieving its main purpose it failed.

The scientific elements which Mr. Read incorporated in his criticism were the elements of psychology, which is to say, of psychoanalysis. The subject upon which he directed his analysis was preeminently the poet's mind. His psychological method and his preoccupation with the processes of the poetic mind he has kept; they are the characteristics of his criticism. And I wonder whether they are not precisely the things which have kept his work from being more valuable than it is; rather, I wonder whether this particular method and this preoccupation are not something like symptoms of its essential weakness.

Psychology is certainly one of the handmaids of all valid esthetic; but like other servants it should not be given too great liberty. Psychological laws are only imperfectly understood. Distrust the metaphysicians, like Freud and Jung, who make premature formulations; the time for formulations has not come, much less the time for deductions from formulations. Mr. Read knows this. Only he thinks that he can apply laws which are still mere protocols, and even in some degree justify them by fitting them to the view his experience has given him of the poet's mind. He can, of course. But it is a kind of naïveté to imagine that there is any necessary universality about the application, or that even for the individual there is much use in it. Until the reality of an imagined law has been established, applications of it to real occurrences will be fantastic. If great fundamental psychological laws ever come, they will be the results of patient induction from innumerable psychological facts. The literary critics who are most devoted to psychology do not sufficiently regard the truth that many of these facts are esthetic facts, poetic and rhetorical facts. For Mr. Read, I am afraid, as for most other psychological critics, the truth is a little frightening, and like the others he shies away. "Danger, and death, is," he says, "to be found in the narrow drift of technical research, the analysis of the

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means of expression and so on." It is possible that here we have an example of that unconscious "rationalization" which is one of the apparently best established psychological realities. The first duty of literary criticism with reference to psychology is certainly to understand, minutely describe, and classify, so far as it can, the purely literary facts, the facts of poetry and prose and of poetic and rhetoric. There is certainly danger in that, though I cannot see why there need be death. The danger, I think, is a danger of not being scientific enough, a danger of losing that nice balance between the subjective and the objective which one-sided coiners have called "objectivity."

Whatever the danger, Mr. Read in some sense faced it in his second book of criticism, "English Prose Style" (1928). It is perhaps the best we have on its subject, which of course is rhetoric. But Mr. Read has been cautious of the danger and sedulously avoided death. For although it is a valuable "technical research, an analysis of the means of expression," it is a book through which the author seems to have hurried, like a traveler on a dark unfriendly road. Mr. Read has done in a hurry what nobody else has done with however much deliberation; his rushing headlights illuminate a great deal. The whole book is an expansion of aspects of two ideas which interest Mr. Read so much that he has made them the foundation of all his criticism. One of these ideas is the concept, which he draws of course from Dr. Jung, of the psychological forces of introversion and extraversion. He had tried in "Reason and Romanticism" to interpret in terms of this dichotomy what he calls "the central problem of literary criticism":

> the eternal opposition of the classic and the romantic. . . . this blind difference under the influence of which even the best of critics race into untenable dogmatisms.

In "English Prose Style" he prefers to use terms taken from scholastic philosophy (of which he is a devoted student); but upon the distinction of Jung rather than the scholastic distinction he erects practically his whole rhetoric, a structure I cannot describe here. The other idea is his distinction between poetry and prose. "Poetry," he says, "is creative expression; prose is constructive expression."

What I have said about his psychological emphasis and his preoccupation with the poet's mind, that they are the characteristics of his criticism, is justified by the persistence of these two ideas in all Read's work. And my imputation of his weakness to his honesty is explained by the fact that it is a personal honesty which has occasioned their persistence. In "Reason and Romanticism," and in much of his later work, Mr. Read is an advocate of classicism, and surely a sincere one. But this classical critic was also a romantic poet. Romantic poets are always interested in their minds, which are often splendid. Mr. Read was honest: his criticism has been the report of his researches into his own mind. There is value in this kind of research. But there is danger too, and Mr. Read has unhappily not avoided it. He has persuaded himself that the psychologists know more about his mind than he does; he has been betrayed by the psychologists' charming words.

"Creative" and "constructive," used to distinguish poetry and prose, are two of Mr. Read's additions to a jargon for literary phychology. I think they are not very useful additions. The French poet, Stéphane Mallarmé, in a note to his Taylorian lecture delivered at Oxford in 1893 (the year, it happens, in which Mr. Read was born), made a distinction between poety and prose which has as much similarity to Read's as I think is safe.

> Les vers par flèches jeté moins avec succession que presque simultanément pour l'idée, réduit la durée à une division spirituelle propre au sujet: diffère de la phrase ou développement temporaire, dont la prose joue, le dissimulant selon mille tours.

Mallarmé's is a distinction respecting the poetry and the prose, Read's one respecting the poet's mind and the mind of the writer of prose. Mallarmé's is, I think, true, though it is not the whole truth of the matter. Read's may be true too, though I imagine it is not, at least not universally. But the point is, Mallarmé's is useful, as such things are useful, whereas Read's is nearly useless. I am not applying a pragmatist's criterion, but an Aristotelian's; it is the responsibility of a distinction to be useful.

The contrast of these distinctions exhibits the weakness of Read's criticism, which is the weakness of what I shall perhaps have to call subjective generalization. The precise weakness of generalization which is subjective lies in its risk of untruth. And it is falsity, rather than the methods and preoccupations which cause it, which is most likely to strike the reader of Mr. Read's most recent work.

His "Form in Modern Poetry," one of the "Essays in Order," appeared in 1932. I see that Mr. T. S. Eliot, in the "primer of modern heresy" which he has just published, includes among his examples of heterodoxy the paragraph from "Form in Modern Poetry" of which Mr. Read himself says that it contains "the main theme of my essay." Mr. Eliot is quite right. The theme is the last example I shall have space to use of Mr. Read's being misled by his method into actual error.

Introversion and extraversion are not much spoken of in this essay, but its chief problem is the one which Mr. Read had earlier used them to illuminate. He asks:

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> May we not perhaps explain the dreary quarrel of romantic and classic as an opposition between two kinds of art, springing respectively from character and from personality?

I will quote, to explain his ideas of character and personality, the passage which states "the main theme" of the essay (pages 18-19) italicizing essentially heretical parts.

> Character, in short, is an *impersonal ideal* which the individual selects and to which he sacrifices all other claims, especially those of the sentiments or emotions. It follows that character must be placed in opposition to personality, which is the general common denominator of our sentiments and emotions. . . . *All poetry . . . is the product of the personality, and therefore inhibited in a character.*

I have not space to attempt a refutation of what Mr. Read devotes eighty-one pages to proposing. I can only say that we may achieve character through devotion to an impersonal ideal, conceivably; but the character is not the ideal, and it is not impersonal. Moreover there is no evidence in those pages, nor so far as I know outside them (see however Mr. Read's interesting "Wordsworth," 1930), that "character" impedes the poetic process, or that its acquisition involves the frustration, rather than the fulfilment, of the best impulses of a "personality"; and that lacking evidence one is justified in rejecting what is *a priori* repellent. It is more pertinent, any way, to my present purpose, which is general, to note that before he ends his essay Mr. Read protests his fidelity to classicism:

> The romantic theory of poetry presupposes the primacy of sentiment. . . . I do not think there is anything in this essay to countenance such a theory (page 78).

But if primacy of sentiment is the test, and it will serve, then is that not "countenanced" in an essay whose "main theme" is the declaration that "all poetry is the product of the personality," understood as "the general common denominator of our sentiments and emotions"? There are opinions which are classical, if we want to call them that, in "Form in Modern Poetry." But they are the accidents; essentially the criticism is romantic criticism, because the critic is essentially a romantic critic.

Mr. Read is impatient at times of the distinction between classicism and romanticism, and it is possible that his perpetual resolution of the two into other pairs of opposites has had the secret purpose of reducing them to nothing. But the distinction has its uses, and it is an advantage to have a term like classicism handy to represent the necessity of our time. On the other hand, whichever side we take, the utility of spokesmen for the other cannot be minimized. As for classicism, what it needs now is definition in our terms; and the history of the Church includes evidence that heresy is always useful to the definitors of orthodoxy. Classicism in the twentieth century as in the past will be the construction not of one man but of many. Mr. Read is bound to be one of the many—actually, of course, few—to whom it will owe something.

DON'T OWN ANYTHING

By T. SWANN HARDING

POSSESSIONS enslave and harass. I have found that out very definitely and with great finality and I thought I would make it public. The advertisements, I am well aware, stress the joys of ownership. But the truth of the matter is that we do not possess our possessions; they possess us. That is endlessly annoying. I have therefore concluded that one can only live a life of reasonably placid contentment in this country by possessing the veriest minimum of things and thus avoiding the harassments and the personal contacts with unpleasant people and institutions that each possession inevitably entails.

I have discovered by personal experience that a single man may live alone in a family hotel in such an inoffensive way as to render practically all annoyances and anxieties strictly evitable. But he will not long live that way. He will get married. At once his life becomes three times as expensive and eight times as complicated. This is not because he marries an extravagant and inefficient jade but because women demand possessions, and immediately he goes in for possessions a man must make contact with agents, brokers, sales people generally, plumbers, carpenters, electricians and others who can be incredibly obnoxious. Let us get down to cases.

These days a married woman, if not a married man, must have a car. This involves someone in the annoyances incident to getting a driver's permit, the applicant being treated by the authorities like a combination of congenital idiot and felon. The permit obtained, the driver then becomes a target for the profanity of irascible policemen and the insanity of the general run of other car drivers who, in their capacity as pedestrians, are perfectly charming people but who, once they get behind the car wheel, become irritable, impolite, blasphemous and often completely balmy.

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All told, a street car gives far more comfort and less bother, and the rider does not own it. He climbs aboard, pays his fare, then sits at leisure and reads like a gentleman. When he is through with the car, he leaves it within a block of his destination, and the motorman obligingly takes it on down the track somewhere, the rider knows nor cares not where. But the automobile owner must not only work passage to town but also find a place to leave the dratted thing when there. That place is usually nine blocks from the desired destination. When found again, after the long walk to and fro, the vehicle has probably been rammed by incompetent drivers, pushed in front of a fire plug or merrily ornamented with tickets by boisterous policemen who have to be wheedled before the owner can work passage home and put the car carefully away.

Why people want to possess contraptions that put them to endless annoyance, and constantly involve them in incalculable expenses at the hands of rapacious garage workers about whom the nonmechanical can tell nothing at all, I never could understand. Here is an instance. I am in the car with my wife. She is at the wheel, for I do not work my passage when I ride. We have just dined happily and are in great content. The brake is off but the engine has not been started. We are trying to decide where to go next. Suddenly the car starts.

A vagrant taxi driver, trying to make a sharp turn across our bow, so to speak, had hooked his fender across our bumper and pulled us out into the street. We were foolish enough to laugh and treat this lightly. But in a moment both cars stopped and the taxi driver was at the window of ours white with anger, accusing my wife of driving out suddenly and ramming him at her speed of forty miles an hour! The whole thing was so ridiculous I was inclined to laugh again, but the fellow was insanely furious. It came out later that he had a new car which he owned jointly with his brother, that he had been involved in several previous accidents and feared the consequences if he messed up this car—all of which was none of our business.

Unfortunately there were no witnesses. Ultimately I persuaded him to go to a police station with us. He agreed to this, following closely all the way. There the driver diagrammed us as standing in the middle of the block (we were really near the end of it) and suddenly tearing into him at forty miles an hour, thus very slightly damaging the rear right fender of his car. The officer solemnly recorded this and then asked, "Any witnesses?" To our astonishment the driver answered, "Oh sure, three of them," and rattled off three names and addresses. Then the officer turned to us, glared at us and half yelled, "Well, what have you got to say?"

It was no use telling the story correctly. I decided simply to make a case of it and see a lawyer. I saw one. He asked how much the fellow wanted. I said $3 would pacify him. He said, "Then for God's sake get hold of him and give him $3. Give him $10 or even $25. They have it all fixed with the police and with their buddies. If you go in court he'll have three guys there to testify his way and it's going to cost you $75 or even $100 and costs. Don't fight it under any circumstances." I didn't. I knew when I was licked. I produced the $3 and quashed the case.

That is one of the little things one must expect if one owns and operates a car. That, I may say, is why I neither own nor operate one and endeavor also to stay outside of my wife's just as much as I possibly can without insulting her. My trouble in this land of the free is that I value my peace of mind and my self-respect.

The owner of possessions can have neither. But in this day and age wives demand electric refrigeration. I see no reason why they should not have it, if they are content to undergo the difficulties incident to securing it. So I bought an electric refrigerator. After hearing and reading the extravagant and contradictory claims of many salesmen and advertisers I simply took a plunge and bought a refrigerator for $99. I deliberately bought on the instalment plan, for if one pays cash for such mechanisms one can expect little and grudging service when things go wrong, and the advertisement said the credit was the same as the cash price. It also said that this price was all that had to be paid.

However, there was a "service charge" for installing the thing and also a "service charge" for opening my credit account at the department store where I bought it. These proved to be $5 each. I had had an account at this very store five years ago and, though there was nothing against me, that did not count; there was a battle to secure credit. The store must look me up again. Where had I had other accounts? Where did I work? How long had I worked there? Did I own my own home? In short, I was made to feel that I was a kleptomaniac who, in spite of the fact that I owned my own home and held a respectable position, had an irresistible tendency to walk into department stores and hide electric refrigerators under my vest, making off with them. Finally papers were signed, I made a deposit of $10 and after an interval of three days the refrigerator was delivered.

In two months, as I expected, it began to act up. I put in service calls but finally decided that only a new mechanism could solve the problem. In due time this was sent and the old one returned. Three weeks have passed and so far my efforts to have the cost of one of the refrigerators expunged from the bill have been unavailing, though in good

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time, after I have been proven square, I think this will be done. Meanwhile I must be responsible for two refrigerators when I never had more than one in the house at one time. The house would not hold two.

And has that house been a headache? You are telling me who have owned one? It was in a nice little country town sort of a place with a macadam roadway in front, a brick walk, and an alley well paved with ashes. But suddenly the community went extravagant and completely surrounded me with broad stretches of cement paving which cost like fury, brought all sorts of horrible traffic past my door, and sent the thermometer up ten extra degrees on summer days—besides depriving me of two big trees and a foot of my lawn and knocking down my back fence.

Then there was the time I had the front porch torn down, just before it would have fallen down anway. I hired a man who claimed to be both an expert bricklayer and cement worker, not to mention carpenter. He actually was a fairly good carpenter. He got away with the bricklaying fairly well but when he came to the cement he was utterly at sea. He worked frantically all day before revealing to me that he had never done a cement job before in his life and begged me to call someone else, though he demanded full wages for the day. I had a nation of a time fawning on and wheedling another workman into coming and completing the job the first had messed up, and I had to pay him a dollar a day more than the first had asked—which was certainly enough!

Then there was the time I borrowed $1,000 on the house, but I refuse to go into that. The memory of the indignities that were heaped upon me is still too poignant. I was made to feel that I was a consummate rascal who could not be trusted in the smallest transaction unless hobbled with all sorts of documents signed under oath, and treated with supreme contempt. In the end I got the $1,000 but the disrespect, incidental annoyance and anxiety had aged me eleven months.

Or I could tell you about the time I bought the the new house. (Heh, hey!) That was a panic. The builders (and owners) and the salesmen were all just the nicest people I ever met, until after I signed the preliminary sales contract, when they began to treat me as if I had suddenly become a villain incarnate. Besides that, I let the salesmen write me in for $200 extra while my arithmetic had its guard down and was standing trustingly in two rear folds of what I whimsically call my brain. Worse still, the salesmen then broke off diplomatic relations with the builders and owners and thereupon began a mass flank movement upon my bank account in the effort to extract their sales commission therefrom.

Ultimately it took two months of anxiety, three lawyers, the entire services of one title company, and seven severe attacks of nervous indigestion to extricate me from the incredible muddle that quite suddenly sprawled all about me in every direction as far as I could see. In time the house became "mine" and all I have to do now is argue with workmen about keeping it in repair, with officials about the size of the tax bill, and with salesmen who want to sell my wife gadgets.

As I look back over my career, I find myself striving sincerely for a life of sobriety and tranquillity. But I have seldom indeed achieved these. And I discover that in each instance where I have been caused annoyance and have been the victim of insult and the loser of self-respect, the fact of ownership has caused the trouble. It was my possession of something that operated to disturb my complacency and content. I therefore deduce that a life of tranquillity can only be lived in this country if one severely curb ownership. My ambition is to possess the barest minimum of things and thus to avoid distress. An excellent motto is "Do not own anything you do not have to own."

Immaterial

What do they matter out under the open sky,
The sorrows we plumbed, the glooms we anchored by,
And the little house whose walls were hemming fears?
Let the shining hands of the wind and sun erase
All we have learned, obliterate phrase by phrase
The fevered chapter whose effort ends in smears.

The roadside grasses are purple-plumed; they shake
In the millionth June; they poise and waver and break,
And the poppy petal falls. They shift and flow
With the myriad myriad forms of life that pour,
Divested of the moment's veil they wore,
Into the timeless splendor. The Long-ago

(Purple-plumed grasses trammeled in Celtic robes),
The Now (the wild bee rifling the clover globes),
The Future (a vanishing wheel releasing a seed),
Are one vibrating and etheric sea
Where matter is not, but ever about to be,
And there alone is the earth-bound spirit freed.

For the meadows all round no more are wavy grass,
They dazzle and deepen down, transparent glass.
The last high mortal cloud melts out of sight;
The skies dome higher and higher and wider and wider,
The world is a glittering midge or a spinning spider
Which the blaze dissolves. There is nothing left but light.

Two golden eagles, as melt the mountain spires,
Two condors planing Andean sunset-fires—
Do they remember the prisoning shell at all?
How winged with joy, shall also we remember
What far-down valley roof as red as an ember
Once held our soaring, singing flames in thrall?

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

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THE DREAMERS

By SEUMAS O'BRIEN

AN IRISH poet who thought well of his country, and not badly of himself, and a Russian philosopher of Hebrew lineage decided to break bread together, in a New York restaurant noted for its excellent coffee. The philosopher insisted on being host. The poet, a contradictory person, always maintained that the gift of extravagance was one of the primary virtues of the Irish people. Yet, he felt it was beneath the dignity of his calling to pay for meals, or play the part of host. Poets, he felt, if they were poets, should be fed and entertained by their admirers when they had any. The poet who ceases to be fed had better look for a job or marry someone foolish enough to support him.

To the poet, Ireland was the pulsating heart of the world where the larks, the thrushes and the linnets sang themselves into existence and out of it again. It was the one place on earth where everyone expressed himself in song. Whether he could sing or not, or had a voice or not, was always a matter of minor consideration. All the other virtues flourished there also.

To the philosopher, Ireland was a glorified potato garden, where policemen suffered for a while before they went to America. And Russia, he thought, was the soul of the universe whose saints and scholars would not be recognized until the capitalistic system would be as dead as any Irish literary or dramatic society in the United States. The philosopher, who had acquired all the polish of the French whom he despised for their suavity, thriftiness, and Anatole France, asked the poet what he would like to eat. The poet who was considerate and modest, whispered, "A vegetable dinner." The philosopher smiled. He knew from sad experience with Gaelic culture and his own pecuniary conditions that an Irish vegetable dinner was the inevitable piece of steak, about one and a half pounds of cow and all that went with it. He looked at his purse, became more philosophic and ordered the meal.

While the repast was in progress, the poet sang the praises of his people (not one of whom ever pleased him), and when he came to speak of the fate of Edgar Allan Poe, and the way he was treated in his day, he dropped salt tears in his coffee. He believed that it was the Celtic magic and melancholy note in Poe's work that saved America from becoming an English colony.

The philosopher had a capacity for weeping also, and always felt sorry for suffering humanity when his stomach was replenished with an Irish vegetable dinner and the aroma of a good cigar filled his nostrils. He wanted to make his guest happy, so he began to grieve over the fate of Dostoievsky, and dropped tears in his tea. He believed that it was the melancholy note in the great novelist's work that saved Russia from becoming a czaristic dynasty, and his transcendant genius and Christian spirit that saved the world from another Flood.

Poet and philosopher were now so emotionally overwrought that neither was in a mood to listen to the other. But as no one has yet succeeded in keeping an Irish poet from having his say, this particular poet, by virtue of his arrogance, got the floor.

"Ireland—" he began.

"Pardon me," interrupted the philosopher whose politeness was always embarrassing. "Ireland is only a little bit of a place, a thing of the past, that insists on believing it has a future. My grandfather had a farm twice as large as Ireland. Russia, needless to state, is a country not only with a great past, but with a great future. It was Russia that produced Peter the Great, Tolstoy, Turgenev and Tschaikovsky. Where have you a match for those giants in Irish history or mythology? If you take George Bernard Shaw, the Leprechaun, and Guinness's Brewery out of Ireland, what have you left? It was Russia produced Ivan the Terrible, also remember."

"Ivan the Terrible," muttered the poet, wondering how he could meet the exigencies of the moment. An inspiration came to him and he turned a scornful eye on his host. "But think of all the terrible people we have produced," he shouted triumphantly. Whether he was thinking of the aristocracy, or those who suffered at their hands, he did not say. "Ivan the Terrible even if he was twice as terrible couldn't hold a candle to some of them."

The philosopher smiled. "Perhaps not. I have met a number of your countrymen. You are a strange people, a very strange people. You send critics to America who criticize everything and everybody but themselves, and the Lord knows some of them could do with a little. And you speak the English language, and speak it rather well, I will admit. It is the badge of servitude you carry everywhere with you. Yet—"

"A mere accident," scowled back the poet, rising in his wrath. "If that old plausible humbug, Daniel O'Connell, or The Man of the People as he was called, had any sense, not a word of English would be spoken in Ireland today except for commercial purposes. He had it in his power to save the language but he failed to do so. He was a national calamity in disguise. We are essentially a bilingual people, but Gaelic is our mother tongue. And it will be the mother tongue of this country one day."

The philosopher gasped and ordered more tea.

"If the Irish Famine had occurred one hun-

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dred and fifty years earlier, we would all be speaking Gaelic in the United States today. We did not get here early enough. That has been our misfortune and America's misfortune. If we had got here in time, the history of the world would have been changed."

"If Cleopatra had weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and had fallen down stairs and flattened her nose," smiled the philosopher, "the—"

"Pardon me," said the poet. "An orator should not be interrupted in his moment. If the famine victims who came in 1850, and whose descendants are the aristocracy of America today, dispute it if you will, had had the good grace of getting here in the middle of the seventeenth century, Gaelic would have automatically become the language of the country. If they made up their minds to enforce it, what on earth could have stopped them?"

"And if the Prince of Wales wanted to come here on a visit, he would have to acquire an Irish brogue before he could be entertained on Long Island, I suppose," said the philosopher.

"Laugh and sneer as you may, but we will Gaelicize America yet, and then we will turn our attention to Russia and China."

The philosopher lit another cigar.

"As a matter of fact," continued the poet, "the Gaelicization has begun. We already control the police force—an excellent start—and other institutions. In architecture and the other arts, like oratory, we must dominate also."

At that moment Al Smith looking tired and weary entered the restaurant. He was trying to find a respite from the disturbing influence of our civilization. Someone turned on the radio. Father Coughlin was speaking and helping those who failed to get something for nothing from Wall Street to digest their Sunday dinners.

The poet pointed to Al. "There is the man who stole the dream of my life, but I am grateful to him for doing so. He is one of the great pioneers of Gaelic culture but does not know it. It was Irish roast beef, Scotch bagpipes and English superiority that made the British Empire, and it is men like Al Smith and American energy and enterprise that will build the Gaelic Empire."

"What are you driving at?" queried the philosopher.

"A moment and you shall hear," said the poet. "I always wanted Ireland to have the largest and most beautiful building in America. An Irish Parthenon. It should have a round tower, like the towers of old, larger and higher than any other tower that ever was, a theatre, a library, an art gallery, a museum and a Hall of Fame where George Bernard Shaw could have the long rest he deserves when his time comes. One dead Irishman like Shaw buried in the Hall of Fame would fill the building with live ones. Shaw owes his ashes to America anyway. The Irish or the English don't want them. I have talked about this Irish Parthenon in and out of season for a score of years, until my friends run away when they see me coming. I could not build this fitting memorial to my race myself or find the wherewithal to do so, but Al Smith, God bless him, did it, and he called it the Empire State Building."

"You have been drinking too much coffee," interrupted the philosopher.

"No I have not," replied the poet. "The coffee is good, but I am better. Coffee only helps inspiration, but if one has not the capacity for being inspired, all the coffee or tall hats and frock coats in Christendom wouldn't do it."

"Rave on," said the philosopher.

"The Empire State Building must change its name. It must be called the Irish Center, or the Four Winds of Erin. It must shed its classic coldness and nakedness and clothe itself in a Celtic glow. Now it is like a golden cage without a linnet or a black bird. But turn it over to the Irish and it will be America's new cradle of song and story. It must have—" he hesitated, "a restaurant at each corner to represent the Four Provinces, Munster, Leinster, Connaught and Ulster. And in each restaurant there must be a 'Poet's Corner,' where the bards can foregather on Saturday nights over a pig's head or a flitch of bacon and cabbage, and a bottle or two of Guinness, can have their say, and save America from being destroyed by efficiency. In time the moving-picture actors will kill the King's English, and Gaelic will be the American language."

The philosopher was perturbed. The poet had stolen his dream. He too had visions—visions of the Russian Bear (in his benevolent desire to liberate mankind from serfdom) stepping on all the small nations and hugging the large ones to death, so that the world could be humanized by making the articulate tongue of Dostoievsky and Pushkin the universal language.

The poet was now in the throes of his moment—an hour passed. The philosopher had so much to say that he decided to remain silent. He looked at his guest, not condescendingly this time, but in amazement, and thought of what the dreams of madmen had done to the world.

"The Gael is awakened and on the march," shouted the poet.

The philosopher ordered another glass of tea—with lemon in it.

The Fool

Nice in minutiae, careless of immensity;
Connoisseur in instant and stranger to eternity;
Accurate in hair's-breadth, incurious of infinity;
Initiate of Wells, and witless of the Trinity.

RIOBÁRD Ó FARACHÁIN.

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SEVEN DAYS' SURVEY

The Church.—According to official figures from Rome, Catholics of the United States donated 42 percent of the total $23,000,000 contributed to the Propagation of the Faith from 1922 to 1932. * * * The Most Reverend Richard Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, announced that the Catholic hierarchy of England are soon to establish a National Board of Catholic Action. Archbishop Downey declared that the problem of education and the need of clean films called for united effort. * * * Governor Calles of the state of Sonora, son of former President Calles of Mexico, has just ordered the closing of all Catholic churches in his jurisdiction and instructed the priests to leave. In the state of Nuevo Leon increasing persecutions of Catholics are reported; all churches in the state of Chiapas have been closed on the grounds of fighting a smallpox epidemic. * * * The "synthetic radio" organ recently blessed by Cardinal Verdier of Paris, in the Maronite Church, Notre Dame du Liban, is remarkable for its suppleness of expression. Of considerably smaller dimensions than a classical organ, and with 1,200 pipes which can render different tones, thanks to electrical interventions and harmonic combinations, it is the equivalent of an organ of 4,000 pipes. * * * The first issue of the *Catholic Farmer,* official journal of the Rural Life Bureau of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee and the "first Catholic farm paper in English in the United States," has just made its appearance. * * * The Archdiocese of Paris recently commemorated the golden jubilee of the "Work of the Catechisms." Beginning with two devoted workers in a laboring district in Paris, shortly after the suppression of religious instruction in the schools of France in 1884, the movement has grown considerably. Today 5,185 women and 350 men teach 65,000 children in the Archdiocese of Paris, and in the provinces about 25,000 teach catechism to more than 400,000 French children. * * * The last of the Grey Friars, the group of Franciscans to which Father Junípero Serra belonged, will be invited to attend the Sesquicentennial of his death. The ceremony will take place at the historic Mission Carmel in California on August 28. One of the Friars, now advanced in age, is living in a remote monastery in Argentina; the others are in Spain at the monastery from which Father Serra originally came.

The Nation.—Labor riots in which 5,000 striking truckmen were involved, flared up in Minneapolis. One business man acting as a deputy policeman was killed by strikers armed with rocks and pieces of iron pipe, while thirty-one other special officers were severely beaten up. Regular police were driven back without making use of their rifles, shotguns and pistols. Governor Olsen considered declaring martial law, and the Regional Labor Board sought to effect a settlement of the hour and wage dispute between employers and laborers. * * * In efforts to bring order into a demoralized cotton textile industry, the Code Authority announced that beginning June 4, for a period of twelve weeks, the industry will limit the use of its productive machinery to 75 percent of the present maximum hours. Hours of employees will be reduced in the same proportion, from a forty-hour week to a thirty-hour week. The steps are taken to avoid total shut-downs due to overproduction or underconsumption. * * * The bill for $440,000,000 loans to industry by the federal government was being rushed in the House under a special rule to make it pending business. * * * Ignoring the requests of President Roosevelt, the House Banking and Currency Committee reported favorably a revised form of the bank deposit guarantee bill to which had been added a provision for the federal government to pay off the assets of banks closed since December 31, 1929, up to a total of $1,000,000,000. * * * Children in cities as far west as Chicago and as far south as Baltimore, were found to be suffering from alcoholism due to "bootlegged" candies containing cheap liquors. Agents of the Food and Drug Administration were taking action to obtain indictments of manufacturers and peddlers of the candies. * * * Reports emanating from the national capital indicated that the President and his aides were working on a message outlining permanent economic and social changes to be presented to Congress before its adjournment as a basis for seeking the mandate of the people on the New Deal in the elections this fall. * * * The National Association of Mutual Savings Banks in annual conference heard several addresses calling for a cessation of the New Deal developments and a return to private initiative. "The least government is the best government," declared the president of the association.

The Wide World.—On May 18 Congress took under advisement a joint resolution empowering the President to place an embargo on the sale of arms to the "countries now engaged in armed conflict in the Chaco," provided that upon consultation with South American and other governments such a step was deemed advisable. In a covering message, Mr. Roosevelt expressed the hope that some way of limiting arms sales would be found at the Geneva conference. * * * Without any discernible protest from King Boris, the Bulgarian army seized Sofia, appointed a "strong government" under the leadership of Kimon Georgieff, and abolished parliamentary rule. "The economic crisis and the difficult political situation" were named as reasons for the action. * * * Paris dispatches declared that a "Franco-Soviet defense pact" had been agreed upon by M. Litvinov and M. Barthou, on behalf of their governments. The details were by no means clear, however, and opinions differed a great deal. Some held that Russia had signed an agreement directed against possible aggression by Germany; others insisted that the talks amounted to little more than pourparlers concerning a possible disarmament and security agreement to be

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broached after Russia is admitted to the League in September. * * * Speaking over a NBC network, Mr. Frederic Coudert, prominent official in the League of Nations Association, declared that the League has not collapsed and will remain. Granted that the worst happens, Geneva would still (he held) be in a position to mitigate the horrors of war and work for the organization of a peace acceptable to the belligerents. * * * The Associated Press correspondent at Nogales, Arizona, reported that all priests resident in the state of Sonora, Mexico, had been ordered to leave as a result of government hostility to Catholic opponents of a sex education program. It is said that some priests have come to the United States and the Mexican Catholics are crossing the border in order to attend Divine services.

* * * *

Small Business.—Long awaited, the report of the National Recovery Review Board (otherwise known as the Darrow Report) was made public on May 20. It consisted of three separate documents and was accompanied by a letter from General Hugh S. Johnson and a memorandum written by Donald R. Richberg, general counsel for the NRA. The majority report (signed by five or six members of the board) charged that small businesses were being discriminated against in favor of monopolistic large businesses in the steel, motion picture, rubber footwear and several other industries. It was alleged that the codes were written and are being enforced by men whose interests lie with the "big producers." Among the conclusions at which the five arrived were these: business self-government is untrustworthy, the anti-trust laws should be restored, Sol A. Rosenblatt, divisional administrator, ought to be removed pronto. Mr. Darrow and his friend William O. Thompson wrote a report of their own, alleging that the choice before the people is between "monopoly sustained by government" and "socialized ownership and control." Last but not least was the statement made by John F. Sinclair, dissenting board member, who remarked that the hearings had been somewhat hasty and unsuited to promoting an "intelligent grasp" of the situation. General Johnson's letter was burry with anathemas and uncomplimentary remarks. He insisted that the board could not be abolished soon enough. Mr. Richberg's memorandum was dotted with words like "nonsense," "prejudice" and "palpable falsity." He objected particularly to the board's remarks anent the steel industry, "regarding which the members had no previous knowledge and acquired no perceptible understanding."

The Methods of Freedom.—In a series of lectures delivered at Harvard University last week, Walter Lippmann presented an analysis of "The Methods of Freedom." Today, "the novelty is that the state is compelled to look upon the economy as a national establishment for which it is responsible and not as a mere congeries of separate interests which it serves, protects and regulates." Mr. Lippmann claims that everyone, including Herbert Hoover, now really accepts collectivism as a premise. He finds two main types debated: "directed economy or absolute collectivism" and "compensated economy or free collectivism." For the first: "Absolutism is not merely incidental to a directed economy in its early phases. It is a basic principle." Freedom of choice must be subordinated to the carrying out of a single plan. Furthermore, "We are entitled to conclude, I think, that a planned economy is an economy of scarcity and works effectively only in a sellers' market." As to free collectivism: "Its object is not to direct individual enterprise and choice according to an official plan, but to put them and keep them in a working equilibrium." To do this, limits and standards must be established, and also, "it has become necessary to create collective power, to mobilize collective resources, to work out technical procedures by the means of which the modern state can balance, equalize, neutralize, offset, correct the private judgments of masses of individuals." Central banks compensate for private judgments, and there should be a public work reserve to call upon in declining prosperity and furnish constant opportunity for employment as security for the worker. Governmental compensating actions must always be taken in opposition to the prevailing business psychology, which presents a problem in politics. The union of plutocratic interests with the poor who have nothing to lose, which brings overpowering pressure on the legislature, would be eliminated by giving all men a secure middle-class status, free from the need of state aid and from the excess power of too much wealth.

Silver among the Gold.—President Roosevelt submitted a silver purchase bill to the Senate on May 22 along with a message of compromise on the silver question. The bill commits the nation to the use of silver as a monetary base for the currency up to one-third of the value of the gold in stock. The Secretary of the Treasury would be permitted to buy silver in any market at a price not above $.50 an ounce nor above its current monetary value and only so long as the total value of the silver in stock should not exceed 25 percent of the total gold and silver values in the Treasury. He could sell when these conditions were exceeded. Silver certificates might be issued against the value (not weight) of the silver holdings. The Treasury could regulate the silver market as it now does the gold, and in emergency it could nationalize silver as it did gold by calling it all to the Treasury at a fair price. Profits made by persons dealing in silver would be taxed 50 percent. This legislation does not link the price of gold and silver by statute, and so silver advocates consider themselves defeated. It would, however, authorize a theoretic maximum purchase of 1,700,000,000 ounces of the metal, but the limiting sections would actually reduce this enormous figure to reasonable proportions. The basis of credit would be expanded, bankers say, needlessly. At the high limit price of $.50 an ounce, the ratio to gold would be 70 to 1, and at the market price of $.4524, about 77 to 1. The President said he is trying by international agreement to establish a more rigid ratio which would bring silver nearer to the status of real money.

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Chicago Fire.—In 1871 a cow kicked over a lantern (thus saith tradition) and forthwith started a fire which reduced the city to ashes. Somebody dropped a cigarette on May 19, and in the twinkling of an eye eighty acres of prime stockyards were giving various insurance companies the shock of their lives. The district is, as most people know, an "inferno" at best; and with flames racing through vast labyrinths of stockades, where animals bellowed in deadly terror, it would doubtless have made Gustave Doré think poorly of his imagination. In the old days, when travel was less easy and industry more modest, many people built homes close to the yards. There was in particular a large Irish settlement, with a parish of goodly proportions. Many hundreds of people in such homes watched their possessions sizzle away before their eyes. Old landmarks of the packing industry—which has a crude, stark romance of its own—were left in ruins, and business establishments in number were left to dig their way out as best they could. The truly remarkable thing, however, was the skill with which firemen and police fought the blaze. Apparently only one life was lost, despite the fact that more than 2,000 firemen were on duty. The Middle West once again demonstrated its practical sense when the packing industry prepared for "business as usual" amid the debris. Estimates place the loss at $10,000,000. Rumors that there had been serious labor trouble were denied.

Saint Conrad of Parzam (1818-1894).—Even among his schoolboy companions Johann Birndorfer, of the little peasant village of Parzam, Germany, was known for his piety. When he grew older he walked miles each Sunday, fasting and praying all the way, to go to confession and Holy Communion. He was past thirty when he applied at the Capuchin Monastery at Altoetting for admission as a lay brother. Shortly after his profession Brother Conrad was given the position of doorkeeper which he did not relinquish until his death, forty-one years later. Of his energetic days there he wrote to a friend, "My life consists chiefly in loving and suffering for, in admiring and adoring, the ineffable love of God for us poor creatures." Brother Conrad fed many a hungry beggar during his lifetime, and since his death rich and poor alike have sought his intercession. An association of German peasants had chosen him for its patron, seeking his intercession for their lands, crops and animals; the exiled Emperor Charles of Austria is said to have invoked Conrad as he lay dying on the Island of Madeira in 1922. At the recent ceremonies at which Conrad's name was added to the calendar of saints on Pentecost Sunday, the Holy Father declared: "His life demonstrated how sanctity, which is the work of the Divine Spirit, is not reserved for only a few privileged persons and those occupying an elevated social position, but also can be reached by humble persons, even those in positions so humble as that of porter, which Saint Conrad filled with admirable perfection for forty years."

A Pioneer Architect.—Cass Gilbert (1859-1934) was undoubtedly one of the most famous of American architects. Not everything he did seems good now, in the light of experience and more modern trends, but few have doubted he was an artist with a sense of responsibility and an intelligent individualism which nevertheless could subordinate itself to communal necessities—the last, in years past, often difficult to ascertain in the United States. His most widely discussed achievement was the Woolworth Building, New York, sire of the race of skyscraping monoliths. In later years Mr. Gilbert had his doubts concerning the desirability of those structures, but characteristically enough opposed them on practical grounds. The Woolworth Tower also introduced the Gothic spire into the panorama of the American city—a device of which we are even now hesitant to form an opinion. Some of his most original thinking was done for the jury which supervised plans for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. This is one of the most significant dates in American architectural history, and opened the reign of the "national ideal" which Mr. Gilbert sponsored unremittingly until the time of his death. He knew Europe well, and it is interesting to note that he died in England. Still he believed in a native art and sponsored every project which favored its improvement and development.

Death on Trees.—Hervey Allen, author of "Anthony Adverse," appeared at the Waldorf-Astoria last week for his first New York literary "tea." The event was sponsored by the Ticonderoga Pulp and Paper Company and the Perkins Goodwin Company, paper brokers. It was in celebration of the 400,000th American sale of Mr. Allen's bulky, $3 tome. For the manufacture of this quantity, the hosts had furnished 476 tons of paper, which was used up during the period of peak sales at a rate of one carload a week. Making paper for the novel required 12,000 man hours of labor, and printing it kept seven printing presses running continuously from last June to March. The public has so far acquired over 1,200,000 pounds of "Anthony Adverse." Mr. Allen, who spent the winter in Florida, and is now preparing an estate in Oxford, Maryland, for occupation, has not had any time to write since the publication of his present tremendous success, as letters have taken his constant attention. "There are fifty or sixty characters in it taken from real life, and the descendents of almost every one of them have written me voluminously." In a year or so he will start a book about American life. Mr. Allen believes the great appeal of "Anthony" is "the personal religion." "There is a constant spiritual development. . . . People are terribly tired of living lives on purely economic lines. . . . They're tired of having the means of life mistaken for the ends. It's very heartening."

What C.C.C. Men May Read.—The United States government has received bids on 86,220 books which are to be supplied to the camps of the Civilian Conservation Corps. About 35 percent of the 454 titles to be purchased are mystery stories; 19 percent are "westerns." Novels, mostly romantic or historical, comprise about 33 percent of the titles. Short stories other than mysteries account for 3 percent of the new camp library books, while the

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remaining 10 percent is made up of works of non-fiction—chiefly travel, adventure and biography. Conrad and Kipling are among the classical authors whose works are listed; Dickens is not included. In fact, the great majority of the titles are of quite recent vintage. Ordinarily 180 copies of each of the books chosen are to be purchased, but in certain cases a larger number will be ordered. Most widely to be supplied are three ten-volume sets, of which 1,620 copies of each are to be ordered: "The World's 100 Best Short Stories," "The World's 50 Best Short Novels" and "The World's 100 Best Detective Stories."

* * * *

Colossal Relief.—Graphs and statistics released by the Children's Bureau which show total amounts of relief expenditures in the country certainly look like the fever chart of a very sick patient who is getting worse rather than better. There is no way of discounting from them, of course, the growth of chronic pauperism induced by the depression and the increasing facility of the pauperized, from experience, in availing themselves of the provisions for relief. The facts remain, to quote from the latest bulletin of the Bureau, "the amount expended for direct relief from public funds was more than one-fifth larger in March than in the previous months of maximum expenditure—March and November, 1933." Scaling the charts, obviously an approximation but in round numbers a reliable approximation, one finds that the total of public funds expended in 120 urban areas in March, 1933, was $26,000,000 and in 1934 was $31,000,000. The expenditure of private relief funds, however, was in March of this year only one-half of what it was in 1933, a decrease this year to $1,434,000 from $3,560,000 last year. With the practical disbandment of the Civil Works Administration on March 31—as reported in these columns in the issue of April 13—the number of families "on relief" rose from 1,428,818 to 1,975,273, an increase of 38 percent, and expenditures to $46,000,000, an increase of 46 percent, according to Harry L. Hopkins, Relief Administrator. The additions were chiefly of families who had had one or more members on C.W.A. work, he explained. Comparing April expenditures with the most recent month in which direct relief figures were not affected by the civil works program, showed an increase of 11 percent in the number of cases. During the previous two years, however, the number of cases in the same months had been increasing at a rate of more than 50 percent per month.

Sofia Interlude.—In a mysterious hush effected by the overwhelming force of a disciplined army who quietly ordered the population to their homes, and occupied all strategic intersections and arteries of communication, the government of Bulgaria was transformed on Saturday, May 19, by what was apparently a Fascist *coup d'état.* The man declared Premier is Kimon Georgieff, known as a member of the "Svenos" group who wish to suppress the Macedonian autonomists and to ally themselves with Jugoslavia. The off-stage power is said to be Danyan Velcheff, recently retired head of the Bulgarian military academy, who educated the younger officers of the army. The Sobranje, or legislature, has been disbanded and a new one will be called with seventy-five appointed members, and twenty-five elected. The political subdivisions of the country are to be reduced in number and increased in size. Bulgaria is afflicted by the problem of Macedonia, divided geographically and politically among Greece, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria, but united in nationalistic opposition to its submergence. Also by a powerful communistic and pan-Slavic movement among its lower classes, and by the activities of the socialistic-agrarian Green International. Its rather colonial, capitalistic and evidently unenlightened economy is shaken by the depression and by the withdrawal of foreign support, frightened by the radical "Balkanization" of the mass of the people.

Workers Increase.—Continued increases in employment and payrolls during April, when there is usually a decline following seasonal expansions in February and March, were announced by Secretary of Labor Perkins. She reported, "The Bureau of Labor estimated that more than 224,000 workers were returned to employment in manufacturing and non-manufacturing industries, with an estimated increase of $7,700,000 in weekly payrolls." Reports on agricultural employment, she said, indicated seasonal increases in that field. On the basis of the twelve-months average of 1926 as 100, without adjustment to census trends, the index of factory employment rose from 76.4 to 77.8 and of payrolls from 59.4 to 61.9. Miss Perkins continued, "In practically all cases the increases in payrolls were greater than those in employment, which means a gain in per capita income." Employees on public works, exclusive of supervisors and clerks, numbered 370,000 in April and for their month's pay drew $18,000,000. Another 15,000 were employed on projects financed by the R.F.C. and received $1,500,000, and 312,000 C.C.C. men received a total of $12,000,000 for the month. The most pronounced gain was in the building industry where there was a 16.5 percent increase in employment and a 18.7 increase in payrolls.

Aviation Developments.—According to the "Aircraft Year Book" for 1934, issued by the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America: "Among the air powers of the world at the end of 1933, the United States ranked first in technical development, first in military and naval aircraft performance, first in air transport operations and fourth in number of combat planes in its air forces." Not only was the American air transport system greater in size than the systems of all other nations combined, but also, "it was better equipped, better managed and was operated at far less cost to the taxpayers and the public that patronized it in growing numbers month by month." The year book estimated that in combat planes France came first with approximately 4,000, Great Britain next with 2,500, Italy third with 2,300 and the United States fourth, with 1,700. Russia was ranked fifth in number of fighting machines and Japan sixth.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Come What May

AT THE risk of misleading those who are always bored by the quiet doings of unimportant people, I am quite prepared to indulge in mild enthusiasm over Richard Flournoy's play, "Come What May," in which Hal Skelly takes the leading rôle.

It is a play which falls half way between "Cavalcade" and "One Sunday Afternoon," both in theme and general character, and falls considerably below both of those plays in technical ability and general excellence. But one hardly expects to see a second "Cavalcade" during the balance of this half-century, and "One Sunday Afternoon" remains one of the best stage stories ever written of humble life in our Mid-West. In a season that has produced overmuch shoddy material, there is room for restrained enthusiasm when a playwright does an honest job well, invents characters that are more than types, lets them move before a background of tumultuous years, and contrives to weave both tenderness and romance into outwardly drab lives.

The story of "Come What May" begins shortly before the Spanish-American War, when young Chet Harrison (Mr. Skelly) in high-buttoned coat and tight trousers manages an awkward proposal to Eve Hayward (Mary Phillips) and greatly impresses her with his salary of $17 a week as an expert typesetter. A year later, Mr. Hayward's death nearly convinces Eve that duty (in the accepted Victorian sense) compels her to break her engagement and support her mother and younger brother on a teacher's salary. In a flash of unexpected assertiveness, Chet will have none of this nonsense, forces an immediate marriage, and thus starts a life heavily burdened with responsibilities for in-laws and relatives.

Following the theme formula of "Cavalcade," we next have Chet's departure for the Spanish War, shortly before the birth of his son, months of controlled anxiety, a triumphant return to the strains of "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and the picking up once more of the lines of responsibility. A younger brother entangles himself with a girl hotel clerk and has to marry her. Eve's mother dies. The circle of family life expands itself in that insistent way which only those who knew an earlier life in this country would recognize.

Then comes the panic and short depression of 1907, with the virtual wiping out of Chet's life insurance and the loss of his job, as linotype replaces hand typesetting. Mr. Flournoy's restraint is so excellent that we see no vast heroics of suffering, but we do catch the meaning of that special bravery and, above all, of that singular patience, which have, in the past, formed both the strength and weakness of the American home.

The approach of our entry into the World War forms the last part of this modest saga of American life. It is from this point on that the play weakens. It becomes too obvious that the son and only child of the Harrisons is going to be killed in France. The actual episode is again handled with admirable restraint—but its meaning would have been just as clear, and perhaps much clearer, if the son had been wounded and possibly crippled, physically or mentally. So often the formula of death oversimplifies the abiding problems of life. It does so, and markedly, in this case.

The epilogue, too, is a bit forced. On a fall evening, Chet and Eve find themselves once more in the garden of their home, in the deceptive year 1928. Their nephew, who has taken the place of their son, is about to leave to seek his fortune in the alluring easy-money streets of New York. The Harrisons have money in the bank. Nothing, they believe, can now touch the serenity and quiet prosperity of their advancing lives. Panics and depressions and financial failures and wars are all things of an unregenerate past!

There is no reason for denying Mr. Flournoy this stroke of final irony. But it is just one of those points of which the very obviousness is a detriment. It could better be left to the imagination, or else ignored entirely by closing the play in the actual present. What new expression of courage and hope would the early days of 1933 have brought to the Harrisons?

Hal Skelly, who is best remembered for his brilliant work in "Burlesque" some seasons back, makes an enduring and important character of Chet Harrison, occasionally recalling faintly George Cohan's work in "Ah, Wilderness!" Mary Phillips is excellent as Eve and a whole crew of youngsters play the children of the successive generations with skill and point. This is not, perhaps, a play for impatient people, nor for those seeking constant dramatic excitement. But it does breathe an authentic atmosphere of days and people that should remain more than faint memories.

Taken in its larger context, "Come What May" stands as part of a growing interest on the part of novelists and dramatists in a curiously naive yet rich period of American life. It had little to boast of culturally, outside of two or three metropolitan centers, yet what it did possess it cherished with almost savage intensity. It was forced to rely upon its own efforts. Good music could not be brought into the home by turning a dial. Libraries were not bought by the yard, nor absorbed in "fifteen minutes a day." Families had to work hard for whatever musical, artistic or literary atmosphere they wished to create, and those who did make the effort were apt to find themselves a bit lonely when surrounded by a mental attitude which took the easier road of mental indolence and laughed at high-brow or "classical" attainments. But that very loneliness fostered a throbbing love of the hard-won treasures of the mind and soul—a love wholly unmatched in the present era of beauty by pipe line and dial. The late nineties made up in intensity for the sparse and scattered centers of their finer energies. They are worth the fresh attention they are receiving. (At the Plymouth Theatre.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

A WORD ABOUT MARITAIN

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor: Even repeated readings of the reference to "the American humanists, followers of Irving Babbitt, or rather those Catholics who can better be called allies of Irving Babbitt," fail to reveal why Mr. Daniel Sargent should have thought it necessary to spoil his article on Maritain, in THE COMMONWEAL for March 23, by what he himself calls "an uncharitable insinuation" which "must not be thought to emanate from the charitable Maritain." The excuse which he gives that "the less you are a philosopher, the more you have a right and need to exaggerate" leaves one only the more perplexed. In fact it is not readily apparent that it quite makes sense. Nor, for that matter, any of the sentences in the paragraph referred to.

"France's Babbitts look on Maritain as a dangerous mystic, untraditional." Could Mr. Sargent give us a list of France's Babbitts? As a matter of fact, Babbitt himself had much respect for Maritain, and, on the other hand, was often himself considered a mystic. "Babbittism does not recommend itself to Maritain," Mr. Sargent assures us. Babbittism, indeed! It would be interesting to have Mr. Sargent define it. It is true that he adds: "Babbittism is but a survival of one part of Cartesianism." But which part—and also is it nothing else? "And Descartes is no more and no less than Maritain's 'dearest enemy.'" Well, he was certainly no friend of Irving Babbitt. There are at least twenty references in Babbitt's works to prove it. For instance: "It is hard to avoid the conclusion that modern philosophy is bankrupt not merely from Kant, but from Descartes." "The superficial rationalism of the enlightenment was in the main of Cartesian origin." "The charge that Descartes had cut the throat of poetry is justified in so far as the Cartesian requires from poetry a merely logical clearness." And so on.

Mr. Sargent admits that Babbitt's humanism may be theistic and adds that Maritain is theo-centric. Then comes this most astounding sentence: Maritain "refuses to give up asserting and reasserting his stand for theocentricity, and the reason he asserts and reasserts it is precisely because he wishes to separate himself from Babbitt." Surely Maritain might well have been credited with other motives. And yet Mr. Sargent solemnly continues: "He is wise in this. The process which killed Cartesianism will find it easy to kill the fragment of Cartesianism: Babbitt's humanism. Maritain will not be hurt by its death." It certainly is difficult to see what the genial author of "Thomas More" is aiming at in this instance. Why this avowedly "uncharitable" and "exaggerated" attack? Because of the fear that "those Catholics who can be called allies of Irving Babbitt are going to mistake Maritain for one of themselves?" Does Mr. Sargent suppose for a moment that the Catholics who study carefully Irving Babbitt's challenge to naturalism substitute his humanism for their Catholicism? As they are Catholics, why is not Maritain one of themselves? All Catholics must welcome Maritain as a specially gifted writer who exploits scholasticism with all the ardent devotion of a convert from Bergsonism, but they did not need him to be scholastics; nor did Babbitt need him to denounce Bergsonism. Catholics realize likewise that they did not need Babbitt to be dualistic humanists, even more securely than he was.

We can never hear too much from Maritain, but one thing is certain: No one has done more to prepare the way for the understanding of his work, or, in general, for the rising interest in scholasticism, in non-Catholic American circles, than Irving Babbitt. Avowed "uncharitableness" in reference to his life's work is certainly uncalled for. Incidentally it would be interesting to read an article by Mr. Sargent on "Babbittism as a fragment of Cartesianism"—with the understanding, of course, that he would forego what he calls "the right and need to exaggerate."

LOUIS J. A. MERCIER.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: As a frequent quoter of Mr. Daniel Sargent's theories on biography explained last fall at a Sheed and Ward disputation, and as a chronic lauder of his most excellent, witty and wise biography of Thomas More, may I express a word of disagreement with some of his remarks about humanism in his "Word about Maritain" in THE COMMONWEAL for March 23?

To begin with, it seems to me that Mr. Sargent went out of his way a little unnecessarily to criticize humanism in this article. However, as he no doubt had good reasons for so digressing, I shall not object on that account.

What I do object to is the implication of Mr. Sargent that humanism as "a survival of one part of Cartesianism" can be a force operating in "dearest enmity" to the Catholic forces operated by Maritain. Humanism has no lineal connection at all with Cartesianism. Its only connection with the movement that definitely separated mind and matter and thus split the great body of European thinkers into two monistic groups, one idealistic, the other materialistic, is that negative connection caused by the revolt or reaction of one system of thought against another. Cartesianism, being essentially monistic, is a link in the great chain of monistic movements, chief of which have been Lutheranism in religion and Kantianism in philosophy, which have resulted in the extreme naturalism whose effects in the shape of wars and the Bolshevik experiment we are now suffering. And this is the very chain of movements against which humanism is revolting.

If Mr. Sargent will read pages 160 to 161 of Louis Mercier's "The Challenge of Humanism," he will see how Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More have between them taken the same positions as Maritain in reproving "rationalism for its overconfidence in reason, for its subjectivism . . . for the monistic rejection of the possibility of a Revelation" and in upholding "the possibility of reaching the abiding one in the changing many through the conceiving of the universal."

Negatively, then, because humanism is at one with Maritain in opposing the whole monistic tradition, and

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positively because humanism agrees with Maritain in maintaining the dualism of human nature and the possibility of Revelation, the two forces do not oppose each other. They run in parallel lines, their difference lying in the fact that humanism has, so far, stopped short of the acceptance of Revelation in its historical and present-existing form in the Catholic Church which Maritain has accepted. The "theistic" does not oppose the "theocentric," nor is the latter's office to kill the former, as Mr. Sargent suggests. Rather is it to be grateful for the help given by the former in the common battle against naturalism and to encourage it to the final acceptance of that Supreme Certitude found only in the Person of Christ living in the tabernacles of the Catholic Church.

MARY BYLES.

A SUMMER INSTITUTE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The National Conference of Jews and Christians is seeking to explore the need for a summer institute devoted to a study of the American phenomena of inter-group conflicts.

The United States has had, with some degree of regularity, such movements as the Nativists in the 1830's; the Know-nothings in the 1850's; the original Ku Klux Klan in the late 1860's; the American Protective Association, or A. P. A.'s in the 1890's; and the revived Ku Klux Klan in the 1920's. We should like to ascertain under what conditions these movements develop. What factors in such situations are controllable? How can we set going forces of immunization against such "tribal phobias"? How can we avert hostilities between cultural groups in our American life?

These problems are very real, especially in a time of social crisis like the present, when the social equilibrium has been disturbed by new ideas and changed conditions, and when unrest and a sense of insecurity have led to crisis. If they could be frankly studied with the aid of historians, anthropologists, social phychologists, sociologists, economists and philosophers, it might have some bearing on the duration of the thirty embryonic organizations which have recently sprung up in our midst.

May we through you inquire how many of your readers would be interested in such a summer institute, if it were held in July, for a single week, at an expense not exceeding $25, on a New England college campus which has good recreational facilities?

If enough people are interested, such an institute will be arranged.

EVERETT R. CLINCHY.

"ANTHONY ADVERSE"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Please, aren't you ever going to have a review of "Anthony Adverse"?

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Editor's Note: "Anthony Adverse" was reviewed in our issue of September 1, 1933.

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BOOKS

Around the World

THE TRAVEL season draws nigh, though indications are that most of us will stay at home because that is cheaper and safer. For those who can buy tickets to thither and yon, much recently published literature offers counsel and suggestion. For those who will hug their Lares, books are an aid to the imagination. We have selected from the available supply a few titles which sounded especially attractive.

Thomas Burke's "The Beauty of England" consists of more than 350 solid pages about the English countryside—a good deal, but all of it is of prime quality (New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.00). Mr. Burke would be a delightful guide to almost anything. Loving scores of little towns—east, west, north and south—with all his heart, he mingles impressions of them with literary and historical reminiscence which is never mere quotation but always (or nearly so) as direct an expression of his own experience as are Jonson's versions of the Roman poets. English scenery, he writes, has a sentiment "which flutters about our comprehension, but never settles within grasp." The towns, whether of Devon or the Midlands or Lancashire, open their hearts to him. Bath he seems to like better than any other English provincial city. It is really an astonishingly good book, sometimes not unlike the "Compleat Angler" from which it quotes. For the traveler who desires a guide-book of modest proportions at a reasonable price we recommend H. A. Piehler's "England for Everyman," which contains a good supply of practical information (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.75).

There is no dearth of new literature about Russia. "Winter in Moscow," by Malcolm Muggeridge, is probably not the greatest book on the subject, but is one of the most original and convincing. The author, who is a well-known and genuinely able writer on political trends, went to Russia as correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*. Instead of sending dispatches, he returned after a winter to say what was on his mind. There are no statistics, appraisals, pen-portraits or anything of that sort, but instead an evocation of the Moscow in which foreigners who come to see or write move and have their being. The sarcasm which Mr. Muggeridge heaps upon the bland jackasses, the cranks and the crooks which the Russian carcass attracts is effective. But the writing suffers from a genuinely English whimsicality. It conveys disillusionment, disgust, loathing—is, in fact, Norman Douglas *à rebours*. What it lacks is a dash of clarity sufficient to make the average reader sure he is not being gulled. Granted that, the conversations recorded might well blow Shavian cobwebs out of a good many brains. It is, fundamentally, an excellent and badly needed book (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50).

Alexander Wicksteed's "My Russian Neighbors" is a volume of small talk by a man who has been living in Russia as a teacher of English (New York: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company. $1.75). It contains a good many details which are not or-

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dinarily found in travel books—e.g., how to go traveling in the mountains and how to find something to eat. But on the whole it is so utterly the reverse of brilliant that one is more bored than illuminated. There is an interesting chapter on Soviet education. Somewhat special but extraordinarily factual, sensible and impressive is "Trip to Russia," by Leonard K. Elmhurst (New York: The New Republic. $1.00). It is the diary of an agricultural expert's voyage through a large portion of Russia during 1932, and records minute details with the fidelity of old Arthur Young. This seems the first book since Cleinow to afford impartial glimpses of the Soviet hinterland. The author sees both good and bad in decent perspective. In general he seems to feel that while collectivization of the farms has thrown many things out of joint, it has taught the peasant how to measure his work and so stimulated effort. There are some interesting records of agricultural experiments.

Off to British Guiana with Evelyn Waugh doesn't sound very exciting, but "Ninety-Two Days" is an absorbing, original and primarily a well-written book (New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50). Mr. Waugh, with characteristic detestation of priggishness, takes it for granted that readers interested in the book will be curious about the author, so that there is a good deal of eminently natural talk about Number One. But the easy, conversational, swaggering jaunt through this down-at-the-heels country brings to light much that is absorbing and little known—much also that adds to one's vicarious experience of human nature. Since Mr. Waugh is a Catholic and proud of it (despite plenty of frankness), there are keen glimpses of St. Ignatius Mission, with Father Maher in charge, and a very unfortunate Benedictine Priory which tried to do too much for the natives. This book is really like a trip. It lends one a pair of eyes and ears to match.

Those who believe that the destiny of the world will be determined in the Pacific can do no better than turn to Owen Lattimore's "The Mongols of Manchuria." The author is a scholar on whose head rest laurels conferred by many geographical societies, and his book is not intended for use in merely idle moments. But it presents the first authoritative summary of the Mongol tribes who dwell in Manchuria, rule a "buffer state" between Russia and the Japan-China territory, are somewhat influenced by Sovietism but are primarily hostile to the impact of Manchu culture. Theirs is, according to Mr. Lattimore, the "strategic region" in which martial endeavors to shape the fate of Asia must eventually be decided. The book draws from printed sources of information, but incorporates a great deal of information culled at first hand. (New York: The John Day Company. $2.50).

What Sir Wilfred Grenfell writes about Labrador is always fascinating and sympathetically objective. "The Romance of Labrador" (New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00) is written for popular consumption, and one hopes there will be a big catch of readers. Various chapters describe the scenery, the people, the pursuits in which men and women engage and the work done by the author himself to assuage suffering. The book is especially valuable for its comments on wild life. The wealth of

FIRST THINGS

Alfred Noyes's apologia, THE UNKNOWN GOD ($2.50), is of special value for the present generation. For men now are in danger of losing God either because Science explains the universe without Him, or because Art provides an emotional and even an intellectual substitute for religion; and it is precisely by the way of Science and Art that Noyes found God. He was started on the road to Theism by Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Haeckel: driven further along the road by Swinburne, Arnold and Voltaire. Following on this very curious start, he proceeded to work out a magnificent proof of God's existence: his two lines of proof—from Science and from Beauty—finally merge, bring him to Theism and so on to the Incarnation. For the doubter of the present day this is the book of books. In England the great enthusiasm of Catholics has been almost overshadowed by the enthusiasm of Protestant and agnostic critics.

Alfred Noyes proceeds from the demands of the universe to the doctrine of the Incarnation. Karl Adam approaches the same doctrine from the Gospel accounts of Christ. His SON OF GOD ($3.00) completes the trilogy begun by *the spirit of Catholicism* and *Christ our brother* and it is essential to the full understanding of both. To the question, "Who and what is Christ?" he brings what the Apostles brought—a pair of eyes and a pair of ears. He watches what Christ does and listens to what He says. He embroiders not at all: and the sheer mass of what is there in the Gospels makes one wonder afresh at those biographers of Christ who feel that they must give their imagination rein. Closely attentive to every word and act, Karl Adam sees first the external figure, then the interior life, then the mystery of the Godhead.

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information concerning animals, fish and insects reminds one decidedly of Fabre. It is a sign of the times that Sir Wilfred, like Dr. Schweitzer in far-off Lambarene, should dot his text with remarks about sociological conditions bred of the war and new conditions. No one can read this book without feeling enriched. It is at once noble and human. There are numerous attractive and valuable illustrations.

Those who travel Europewards this summer will wish to know something about the political changes which have occurred or are in progress. Raymond Leslie Buell edits a Foreign Policy Association publication, entitled "New Governments in Europe," which contains a factual analysis of the situation in many countries (New York: Thomas Nelson and Sons. $2.50). It is essentially a reference book—a digest of the news and of essential documents. Vera Micheles Dean writes of Italy, and Russia. Mildred Wertheimer describes the rise to power of National-Socialism in Germany. The Baltic States are grouped in a section written by Malbone W. Graham. Spain under the republic is studied by Bailey W. Diffie.

"My country, 'tis of thee," every good traveler sings sometimes. To help him out, many a new book is on the shelves. "Old Monterey: California's Adobe Capital" is the most conscientious study yet made of a town both old and rich in charming memorials. Laura Bride Powers, the author, is a genuine lover of the place, whose book is simply a by-product of much effort to preserve the good things of the past. Professor Bolton is authority for the fact that she has unearthed much new material. The story of Serra and his Franciscan companions is told with a particular wealth of detail and feeling. Later on there are reminiscences, some rather new, of various literary figures—notably Stevenson and Stoddard—who celebrated the beauty of Monterey in good prose (San Francisco: The San Carlos Press. $3.00).

In "Old Jesuit Trails in Penn's Forest" Leo Gregory Fink relates some part of the story of early missionaries in eastern Pennsylvania. The biographical sketches are, perhaps, a bit inadequate, but the book is conveniently arranged in so far as it makes possible a tour of the shrines mentioned (New York: The Paulist Press. $1.50).

T. C.

The Doctor

Samuel Johnson, by Hugh Kingsmill. New York: The Viking Press. $2.75.

MR. KINGSMILL fortunately realized that Dr. Johnson must have been a human being, and therefore not undeviatingly so old and famous as Boswell has made him seem to us. The idea of development therefore dominates this book. Of course material concerning the earlier years is necessarily scant. But all the available facts have been pieced together with rare tact and conscientiousness, so that a "life" as intelligible as natural comes to view. The treatment is greatly aided by the stern objectivity with which the author proceeds. He likes his hero very much indeed, but has sense and detachment enough to want him as he is.

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Since every biography is necessarily selective, it is of interest to note the threads upon which Mr. Kingsmill hangs his discourse. These are chiefly: Johnson's philosophical position, his religious point of view, his relations with women and his manners. The first two are more important; the last two are possibly more interesting. The Doctor is shown as a man of unimpeachable morals—even of what most of us would term a scrupulous conscience. On this subject even good recent biographers have been led astray by certain Boswellian insinuations. Particularly charming is Mr. Kingsmill's well-substantiated guess that the Doctor really wanted to marry Mrs. Thrale. In so far as the manners are concerned, we need just such an outline of physical characteristics as is here provided.

Not everything about Johnson can be said in one book, and of course there are glaring omissions in the present volume. But Mr. Kingsmill did not waste his time. He has written a "life" which every intelligent person can read with pleasure, and which the initated can peruse to their advantage. It is an addition to Johnsoniana.

PAUL CROWLEY.

A Natural Poet

The Crows, by David McCord. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THESE are poems which have a rather rare quality in our times; they are written out of the author's likes, rather than his dislikes. No phrenetic jangling or strained metaphor, no neurotic atmosphere pervades them. And equally they escape the sometimes too sweet ecstasizing that characterizes some pastoral poets and well-intentioned versifiers. David McCord is sensitive to the brightnesses of human nature and its environment in a diverse infinitude; he has an eye for them and collects them as crows (and he likes crows) are said to collect bright objects in their nests. If he is sad, he is troubled only by a nostalgia for far-off, former bright things. This does not imply ivory tower detachment; he distinctly has the intimate touch. It does mean that he is discriminating, he chooses, he elects.

He is a poet who, to use a couple of expressive clichés, writes with deftness, with fine verbal felicity, with that delightful naturalness that is high art. We have had so much crimson ranting and counter choruses of the word-world shakers, that it is distinctly agreeable to have this reminder that one of the amenities of life, an expressive, humanly creative amenity, is the practise of self-restraint, of subduing the voice, of speaking with a little amiable deference that encourages others to indulge their thoughts. It is a reminder that there are people decently disillusioned and also decently faithful and hopeful and charitable, who prove that temperance is not a grey way of living but one marked by understanding, fortitude and grace, gifts of the Holy Ghost. David McCord is an elegantly temperate poet who knows the good things that are to be had freely for the asking, abundantly, and even without asking, by being still for a space and looking and listening with a kind spirit.

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Briefer Mention

Milton's Blindness, by Eleanor Gertrude Brown. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.50.

MISS BROWN has studied Milton's blindness with unimpeachable thoroughness. The subject is interesting because of the personal tragedy, the reflection in great verse, and the questions it raises concerning the practise of medicine in the seventeenth century. What caused the poet's misfortune? Miss Brown sifts the theories, leaving the reader to choose between glaucoma and myopia with retinal detachment. There follows a symposium of the autobiographical references to blindness. The effect of darkness on his poetry was, we are told, "that it increased Milton's power of concentration and the acuteness of his auditory and olfactory senses, but was not responsible for the selection of visual images in his later poetry." An interesting chapter is devoted to the autographs. Not everything in the book is convincing or even plausible, but it remains a good dissertation. The author is herself blind, and is probably the first to earn a doctorate while relying on others' eyes. These facts themselves would almost suffice to insure a sympathetic and often discerning treatment of the subject.

And Now Youth, by Viola Ilma. New York: Robert O. Ballou. $.50.

THIS is a sort of essay that rarely gets printed. It is written by a most energetic and lively girl of twenty-three who has evidently not had the time or inclination for severe logical reflection. She recognizes clearly in her contemporaries a stifling feeling of frustration and she wants them to break through it. If youth is given an opening, she feels, a cause and method for action, it vitalizes a nation. Germany, Italy and Russia are seen capitalizing the unbounded energies of the young. "We are not interested here, in the ethics of Fascism [or the others], but it is a splendid example of the power of dormant youth." She separates young action from philosophic, religious or realistic conceptions (which in the book are not impressive) entirely too much. She believes in supporting Roosevelt excitedly and in getting somehow a "clearing-house for the voice of youth."

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